New England Galaxy.

Published Saturday, at three dollars a year, in advance, by HARRINGTON & CO. basement story Jay's Building, 77 Washington street, opposite the Post Office.

HENRY F. HARRINGTON—EDITOR.

MARDEN & CO.—PRINTERS.

VOLUME XIX. BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1836. NUMBER XLIII.

SELECTED POETRY.

DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Return no more, wild boilings of the night!
A happier article within my spirit
Hath swell'd to power;—a clear, unwavering light
Mounts through the battling clouds that round me roll
And to it now control.
Nature's full harp gives forth rejoicing tones,
Wherein my glad sense owns
Th' accordant rush of sheuchtal sound
To one consummate symphony profound;
One grand Creation-Hymn,
Whose notes the Seraphim
Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd,

Shall not those notes find echoes in my love,
Faithful though faint?—Shall not my spirit's fire,
If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
Now to its feast and end?
Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
Shine forth a heaven-ward guide?
An angel of bright power!—and strongly lent
My being upward into holier air,
Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,
And the sky's temple-arch o'erflows with God?

The radiant hope new-born
Expands like rising morn
In my life's life; and as a ripening rose
The crimson shadow of its glory throws
More vivid, hour by hour, on snows pure thereon;
So doth that hope new-born, with light intense,
With bliss, o'er nature shedding,
Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

' Let not those rays fade from me!—once enjoy'd,
Father of spirits! let them not depart!
Leaving the chill'd earth without form and void,
Darken'd by mine own heart!
Lift, aid, sustain me! Thou, by whom alone
All lovely gifts and pure
In the soul's grasp endure;—
Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore,
Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
O consecrate my life! that I may sing
Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring,
In a full heart of music!—Let my lays
Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,
And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
To the rich breeze of song! O! let me wake
The deep religion which hath dwelt from yore,
Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
And wildest river shore!
And let me summon all the voices dwelling,
Where eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
In that one spirit gather'd to adore!

' Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought
Too daringly in aspiration rise!
Let not thy child all vainly have been taught
By weakness, and by wands ings, and by sighs
Of sad confession!—lowly be my heart,
And on its penitential altar spread
The offerings worthless, till Thy grace impart
The fire from Heaven, whose touch alone can shed
Life, radiance, virtue!—let that vital spark
Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark!
Thine are all holy things—O make me Thine;
So shall I too be pure—a living shrine
Unto the spirit which goes forth from Thee,
Strong and divinely free,
Bearing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing;
Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
Immortally, endow'd for liberty and light.'

THE DYING WIFE.

And I must die!
I must pass away from the beautiful earth
Where the roses bloom and the birds have birth—
Ere the rude world's blight o'er my spirit has blown,
Ere the music of life has lost one tone;
As the dew-drops sweet from the aspen spray,
With the summer's breath I must pass away.
The maiden laughs in the sunny glade!
Ah! why doth she laugh? Her joys must fade,
All that is brightest, on me now shine;
There's joy for me still in the lemon-leafed bower,
Where the mocking-bird sits, in the hushed night hour;
There's joy for me still in the festal throng,
In the mazy dance, and the sparkling song;
There's a flush in my cheek, a light in mine eye,
And my heart beats warm—but I must die!

I must leave them now!
I must pass from the home of my childhood's mirth,
And my place shall be mourned at my father's hearth.
His hair is white and his eye is dim—
And who shall now speak of the glad earth to him?
And who shall now pour on his time dulled ear,
The olden lay that he loved to hear?
He will sit and pine in his dwelling lone,
For I was his all, and I shall be gone.
There was one on my heart hath a tender claim!
I have taught my soft child to lisp his name,
I forget I am dying—my pain is stayed.
I trust his words, as on hope he dwells,
But the pale lip mocks what the fond heart tells;
The cold drops stand on his manly brow—
Oh God! must I leave—must I leave him now?

I will come again!
I will come again, in the twilight gloom,
When the sad wind wails o'er my lowly tomb;
When the shade's in the bower and the star in the sky,
The early-loved scenes will I wander by:
I will pass by the hall of the glad and gay,
For they shall laugh on, though my smile be away;
Where the aged man weeps, my breath shall be there,
I will come to my child at her young voiced prayer;
When lovely she kneels by her father's side,
His gaze resting on her, his darling and pride.
With a dark'ning shade should his brow be crossed,
As thoughts are afar with the loved one lost;
I will live in her form, I will speak in her eye,
I will steal from his lip the half-breathed sigh;
With her silvery voice, will I sooth his pain,
I will whisper his heart, "I am come again!"

LINES,

Suggested on hearing an Infant ask his Parents where God lived.

BY CHAS. E. H. RICHARDSON.

'Dear Father, tell me, who is God?
And has he eyes, like mine, to see,
And will he whip me with a rod;
Or does he love a child like me?'

'O, yes, my boy, his love flows on,
Calm as the breeze o'er summer sea,—
God loves them all, who love his Son,
And live a virtuous life like thee.'

' Well, Father, who is God's dear son,
Like me can he both laugh and cry?
And when at night his play is done,
Does he then say his prayers as I?'

' Our Jesus, boy, is God's dear Son,
On Calvary's mount he groaned and cried—
The battle fought, the victory won,
And upward looking, smiled and died.'

'And, father, where does Jesus live?
Dear mother said 'twas up on high,
And on his word I must believe,
For he was once a child as I.'

'Our Saviour, boy? —he lives in heaven,
In that pure world beyond the sky;
And earth and sea and balmy air
His spirit breathe in every sigh.'

SELECTED TALES.

[From the Court Magazine.]

THE FOREST TRACK.

A FACT. PART I.

The Mayor of D—— was seated by a blazing fire, enjoying the recreation of his pipe and a bottle of beer, in company with the Forest-keeper, who occupied the other side of his hearth, in a like attitude and pastime. The room in which they sate was a large brick kitchen, forming the best part of the ground floor at the *Mairie*; and, the church only excepted, the Mairie itself was the building of most importance in the village of D——. Probably in former times, this house had belonged to one of the old families of the 'noblesse de province:' —both its wings had been destroyed since then; and it consisted, now, merely of the centre of the orignal building, but much the worse looking for the loss of its supporters, as well as for a partial decay of plaster and wood-work that had followed the days of its prosperity. A space which in all likelihood was once occupied by the lawns, pleasure grounds, parterres and avenues of the chateau, now separated from the relics, had been turned into ploughed fields and meadows, or made the site of hovels and mean looking shops; one small court alone remaining, partly divided into a kitchen garden, whose useful neatness would have been more suitable for the front of a modern cottage, than for this old narrow building, with its large paned windows and nearly hingeless venetian blinds, indicating, as they did pretensions it was no longer in a state to support.—Round this court had been built a wall of much later date; a porch also in front of the house, had been added, of white stone, upon which the word MAIRIE appeared in large letters, which as well as the tri-color flag above the iron "grille," announced its present destination.

The Mairie was situated at the extremity of the village of D——, which, lying towards the German frontier of France is of itself a place too insignificant to be known beyond its own neighborhood. On one side, the Mairie looked to the street; on the other, it communicated with a road that ran behind the high wall, leading to the principal town in the department. This latter, to a certain extent, branching off on the way to a little hamlet, rather more than a league distant from the village, skirted the forest of ——; in which direction it was confined by the course of a narrow stream, running parallel with its path, and following the boundary of the wood. The unceasing traffic between the village and the hamlet rendered this road a thoroughfare of constant resort. By some of the peasants, however, who, were in the habit of passing to and fro, a shorter cut had been made across the forest, which, affording greater shelter from the severity of the elements, as well as abridging both time and steps, had, now that the winter had set in, become a regular, though less frequented track. Two great advantages occurring to the Mayor from the situation of his house, may be understood by this topography of the forest. The first, that by its vicinity he was defended from the north-west wind:—the second, that to the convenient communication of the above mentioned lane, he was indebted for the more speedy arrival of his poultry, eggs, and other comestibles, which on their way from the 'Metairie' of his cousin of the hamlet, 'Fermier Bourgeois,' and retailer of live stock and vegetables, were always presented for his inspection prior to their entry into the village.

The Mayor, from whose fireside a considerable digression has been made, was elected to that office in the year 1832. Of an honest and conscientious character, the strictness with which he attended to his duty was so balanced in the minds of the people, by his benevolence and hospitality, that he possessed the esteem of the whole *arrondissement*. Left a widower with one daughter, now between twelve and thirteen years of age, these two made their home happy to each, and were as well reported for their mutual affection, as for their good dealings towards their neighbors.

It happened that on the present afternoon, being towards the close of December, the Mayor had occasion to send to the neighboring hamlet the sum of 1200 francs. This money, tied up in a bag, lay on the table near which he was sitting; it was to be conveyed to its destination by his daughter Felicie, who was going at the same time to attend the 'fete' of one of her cousin's family, whence she was to return on the following day.

Perhaps this appears a large sum to have entrusted to the care of a child: but it must be remembered that, being brought up in a situation where she had found herself obliged to act and think after her own judgment, and to take the entire management of the affairs of the house, Felicie Nicot was considered, and indeed deservedly, by her father, as more trustworthy than any one else, and was in the habit of performing, with great accuracy, services of this kind, not unfrequently required by a person, who like the Mayor, was apt to be entrusted with money, and other important commissions.

The Mayor of D—— enjoyed a sort of celebrity in his way: he took precedence of the '*Cure*' on all public occasions, which shows the undue influence of Mammon over the church. Even in the attitude of good fellowship maintained between himself and the Forest-keeper, as they now sate together drinking and smoking by the fire,—something in the individuals betrayed that difference of station, which may be always remarked among the lower classes in their degrees, if not of refinement, at least of wealth or office; and which, while living on terms of perfect companionship and familiarity, never fails to be exacted on the one part, and acceded to on the other. These distinctions are always more striking where a public functionary is concerned. Thus although in his own house, one of these men occupied a chair, which, whilst it was as hard, as unwieldy, and as mean in appearance as the other, had yet the addition of two joints that were supposed to have converted it into a '*Fauteuil*.' Now in the provinces a seat in the '*Fauteuil*' in a post of honor.

This man was the one who took the 'lion' s share of the talk—the other was content chiefly to listen.—Whilst the first thumped with his hand upon the table, the other might be heard calmly replying '*Monsieur vous avez raison.*' When the superior contradicted, the other yielded, and if the former held out his snuff box without turning his head the way he offered it, the latter bowed as much as if he had been looked at. And all this was for the reason that the humble individual was Pierre Leveque, the Forest-keeper, and the other Jean Nicot, Mayor of D——.

The Mayor was a jolly looking man, with a round cheek and a merry eye. He always clapped his hands at his own jokes, and always laughed at them twice as loud as any body else, which made them go off with great effect, nobody supposing so much noise could have been made about nothing.

The Forest-keeper was a dull looking, square-jointed man, with harsh, matted hair, gray eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, a nose without a bridge, his jaws under-hung, his cheeks lank. He seemed as if he would have been better pleased to have sate stupifying his senses with the fumes of tobacco, than to have the trouble, either of talking or of listening; but he also seemed anxious to conciliate the person with whom he was holding converse—so that sluggishness and servility were contending with him for the upper hand. There was altogether somewhat repulsive in his appearance.

The conversation of these two men, if it might so be called, was drawing to a close. The heat of the fire, the soporific effect of their occupation, and the draughts that were its necessary concomitants, had considerably abated the Mayor's eloquence, and relieved his friend from the labor of acquiescence. They sate with their eyes directed towards each other, but half closed, like those of two tabby cats in broad day light; but they still probably fancied themselves in the enjoyment of social intercourse. At this moment; a door from the foot of a staircase leading to the upper rooms, was opened by the Mayor's daughter, who came in carrying a basket on her arm, ready to set off on her visit to the hamlet.

According to the custom of her country for persons in that rank of life, Felicie wore no bonnet; her hair was parted under a cap, which as she belonged to an affluent family, was neatly embroidered and trimmed with lace. It might have been becoming, had not the cold pinched her small features into a sharp expression, and turned all the pink of her fair skin to a fresh lilac.

She had fine gold ear-rings dropping almost to her shoulders, and a heart and cross of gold upon her bosom, over a white frill, and a high stuff dress. There was two or three rings also on her fingers, besides a numerous addition of childrains. All these she concealed under a pair of white knitted gloves; she then dismounted from a peg a heavy cloak, by which she was to be secured from the effects of 'a nipping and an eager air,' under whose blighting influence the whole face of nature seemed concealed and withering.

'It's a long way, Mademoiselle, I'm thinking, you've to go this afternoon;' said the Forest-keeper, taking his pipe from his mouth.

'A long walk and a cold one too, Maitre Pierre; but what of that?—a good welcome and a warm fire when it's over;—then I've my thoughts to beguile the way.'

'And your thoughts,' rejoined the man, lazily, as he shook the ashes from his exhausted pipe upon the hearth, 'your thoughts are then very pleasant?'

'Why not?' said Felicie; 'sometimes I can be as gay all alone as if I were in the best of company. I ask no better than to be alone sometimes—to-day, for instance.'

'What shall you think about to day?' said Pierre Leveque.

The Mayor opened his half-shut eyes, suspended his occupation for a moment to spit upon the hearth, and resumed it, with his looks fixed on the little girl's smiling face, and wearing an expression of complacent inquiry, that denoted his approbation of whatever she might chance to say, and his conviction that it would be worth listening to.

'First,' replied Felicie, 'of many things that I have to tell Josephine; afterwards, there's the dance next Sunday! further, how much I shall have to do when I get home, to make up for lost time—with all that—how my father will be getting on without me. You see, she added, nodding as she drew the strings of her cloak, 'there's enough to occupy my thoughts during a good long journey.'

'And I,' rejoined her father, 'shall be thinking of 1200 frs. that belong to Gerard Mariot, which I am not most anxious if I let from the house of Felicie Nicot; and this is the only thing that ought to occupy her attention till she arrives with them quite safe at his door.'

'I mayn't then even think of you?' asked the little daughter, fondly.

The Mayor clicked his fat shining hair over his forehead—rubbed the palm of his broad hand past his nose and mouth, covering his chin with his fore finger and thumb, whilst he replied, in a tone meant to be full of warning—

'Not perhaps you should owe me money.'

'Ah!—if I were to lose the money, indeed,' exclaimed Felicie, 'where should I go then?'

'That I can't answer for; all I advise is, that you don't come back to me.' And there the Mayor clapped his hands, and laughed, and the Forest keeper and Felicie laughed too, at the idea of the reception she should meet with after having lost the 1200 frs.

'*Allons, mon enfant,*' interrupted the good humored father; 'waste no more time; the sky looks gray and heavy in the wind. I should be loth to see another fall of snow, and not be sure thou wert well housed.'

'I'm going,' she gaily answered; 'I will but put my handkerchief round over the bag, then slip on my *gros sabots*, give you a kiss, and go.'

'You'll find it heavy walking by the water's edge,' observed the Forest-keeper.

'I know it, Maitre Pierre; but for me it matters not I am not cast down by a trifle. Oh! when once I set out, my resolution never fails; I think, indeed, that it increases with every step; the first is always most difficult with me. That, in the present case, is to leave this good fire.'

And still Felicie felt more inclined to remain there talking, than to depart; for although ready equipped, she stayed spreading her hands before the blazing wood, that she might, as she called it, 'get out warm.'

The Forest-keeper, who had also risen either to go, or make room for her at the fire, took up his cap, and leant against the chimney piece, as if he was himself aware of the effort it required to brave the cold air.

It was past three in the afternoon by the Mayor's silver watch; his anxiety increased at this discovery, and he again urged his daughter's departure, saying, 'You will be late child; the day closes early; and you must remember you have more than a league to walk.'

'Mademoiselle can never go by the road,' said Leveque.

'Is there any danger?' anxiously inquired the father.

'The snow,' returned the man has drifted at the water's edge to such a height, that the stream is no longer to be distinguished from the path; one or two places besides, in the road, that have iced over since the thaw, are all but impassable.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed Felicie; 'what am I to do then?'

'You had better take the bye-path through the forest,' suggested the Mayor.

'Tis the shortest and the safest,' added the Forest-keeper.

'Tis very lonely,' observed Felicie.

'Mademoiselle, you will save more than a quarter of an hour's walk; and if you keep to the left under the trees, the track is dry and clear, and you can meet with no sort of impediment.'

'You think it the best thing I can do?'

'*C'est comme ca que je l'entends.*'

'*Allons*—I shall follow your advice. *Adieu mon pere.*'

'*Au plaisir,*' returned the Forest-keeper; and Felicie crossed the kitchen. Having gained the door, she stopped a moment, with her back against it, before she raised the latch; then looking round at them both, but especially at the stranger, with a half embarrassed smile, as if afraid of being more laughed at than she laughed at herself—

'You don't know,' she said, 'why I had rather go by the water's edge. It is, now don't laugh at me, because I am afraid!'

'Bah!' uttered her father.

The Forest-keeper smiled. 'You, Mademoiselle,' he repeated quietly, 'you afraid! and of what may I ask?'

'I am no longer so,' she replied, still laughing and still ashamed.

'It was very foolish!—*a demain donc!*' and she disappeared through the door.

Felicie began her journey very prosperously. She took the advice of the Forest keeper; and either regardless of the momentary timidity by which she had been assailed, or, if it were something more durable, determined not to yield to its impression, penetrated resolutely into the recesses of the wood. Perhaps as the day closed on the young girl's path, and the clouds gathered heavy masses above, and the tall stripped trees shook their frosted boughs; and shut out the relics of the fading light, except by glimpses, her weak fancies increased more than she would have liked to own. Then, probably, she began to wish she had set out a little earlier; perhaps she prayed that she might arrive in safety, or even regretted having ever quitted her father's fireside. Perhaps on the contrary, with a mind as hardy as her frame, the anticipation of her visit, and the exercise of walking, dispelled every childish terror, and the weariness of her lonely journey was forgotten in the pleasures that were to succeed it. Be this as it may, Felicie went on, not only without cause of alarm, but without meeting any one, until she came to nearly the thickest part of the forest. Here her attention was arrested by the sight of an old man, employed in making up a bundle of dry faggots. She was near enough to see him plainly, though not so close as to make it necessary to address him, and she passed on perhaps at the distance of fifty paces.

I know not whether these unimportant details of the little girl's proceedings may have led to the idea that her expedition was to be accompanied by any extraordinary circumstances, or that it was, in any way, more eventful than other journeys of the same kind, which must appear simple and common enough in the daily life of a person of her station and habits; but it is nevertheless true, that, after the incident last related, the unfortunate young creature had scarcely proceeded a few furlongs further, when she fell dead—from a shot fired from behind the trees.

PART SECOND.

OLD MAN. "'Tis unnatural, even like the deed that's done." *Shakspeare.*

At about seven in the evening of that day, while the Mayor of D—— was 'taking his ease in his arm chair,' in other words, was dozing, after dinner, in the rudely constructed, half-worn-out, unwieldly, and particularly unluxurious piece of furniture, that he was supposed to consider his arm-chair, he was disturbed by an intrusion of some of the villagers, and called upon to decide a dispute that could not be terminated without his interference. The Mayor, probably rather out of temper (though that is little to our purpose) at so untimely an interruption, roused himself from his nap, and desired that these molesters of the public peace might be brought into his presence.

His clerk or assistant accordingly, having set down his lantern at the other end of the hall, proceeded to usher them in.

The parties appeared before the wrathful functionary, followed by several of the villagers, some of whom, on the ground of private acquaintanceship with the Mayor, or the plea of their individual responsibility, were admitted, whilst the rabble portion of these anxious spectators of a row, were turned away by the clerk, and gratified with the attention of a closed door.

The persons in debate were the Forest Keeper, and an old and poor, but venerable-looking man. The garments of this last individual were loose and tattered; they seemed scarcely sufficient to keep out the cold.—His long, thin, white hair fell over the collar of his tattered coat and about his cheeks, the wrinkled and livid appearance of which bore witness that both the individual and his clothes had come to their worst days.—Whether from shame, fear, or some still more distressing emotion, the old man so bowed his head that the front of his features was hardly discernible, being buried in the handkerchief that was tied loosely round his throat, and which in his present attitude became a sort of shelter from the curiosity of the lookers-on. It was also observable that he trembled exceedingly.

'I had come in the afternoon to this village upon business, and was returning home through the forest, by reason that it was the only way of reaching my home, which lies on the other side. As I live alone, I occupied myself in gathering a few sticks for my fire. This employment I left, *Monsieur le Maire*, for the one in which I was detected. And why?—because I am an infirm and miserable being, who have no power to take the law into my hands; because when my blood boils at the sight of sordid cruelty, I find my old limbs faint and palsied—easy to be overpowered—no longer of any use—and there was but that way, to pretend myself a thief, in order to bring to justice a stronger man.'

The old man paused a moment, in the violence of his agitation, but lifted his hands, as if to deprecate any interruption, and to show that he would continue, if they left him to himself.

The request was obeyed, for everybody was enchained by the interesting statement. The Forest-keeper seemed under actual suffocation.

'You have not down my name; *Monsieur le Maire,*' he continued; 'now set down his, that is by my side.—Ask him for it, as well; and ask him—oh, Sir! ask him where he has left your daughter? You think that she is at N——; but she lies on the cold sod, where I first saw that man—murdered by him! Your money, and the trinkets she wore, are now about him.'

At these words there rose a yell of horror through the room; and to that involuntary and but momentary disorder, succeeded a silence as complete. It was as if a sense of shame at yielding to the impulse of their own feelings in the presence of the unfortunate father had been exposed until this hour of the evening to [illegible] atmosphere, his face was flushed and heated—[illegible], but glowing here and there with spots of a purple hue that seemed burnt into his countenance.—His small grey eyes gleamed from their deep caves like those of an angry ferret; his short coat was buttoned close up to his breast; he supported himself by his right hand upon his musket, as if it had been a stick, though his [illegible] frame seemed ready to render such a prop necessary. His left hand, in which he held his [illegible] seemed [illegible] some unusual emotion, for twice he attempted to speak—twice, as if something had stuck in his throat, he stopped short, cleared his chest, and only with considerable effort regained the power of articulation. It soon appeared that the conduct of the defendant had incensed him beyond measure. Pierre Leveque set a great value upon his authority in the woods; and his bodily strength and rough uncompromising manners having given him a sort of notoriety in the neighborhood, he was accustomed to meet with little opposition in the discharge of his duties. This man had surely been intended for a tyrant. He enjoyed the petty power of exciting fear, where he could not be resisted, more than another would have enjoyed the emoluments of the office. It was well for the country that Leveque had not been born in a more elevated rank of life, or in a situation where he could have acquired great authority. It was well for the village of D—— that he was not their Mayor.

The Keeper's complaint was as follows:—He was making his rounds in the forest, when the sound of some one whistling caught his attention. On coming up to the spot, he discovered the defendant cutting wood. Having remonstrated sharply on this infringement of the forest laws, and declared that he would proceed against the aggressor, the old man, he said, attempted to evade the consequences by making off; but this having been prevented, he refused to give his name. A considerable altercation had ensued, when the delinquent at length consented to appear before the Mayor.

'He will gain nothing by his obstinacy,' added the complainant, 'for I am determined now to proceed against him with the utmost rigour. The old fellow shall see what he gets by braving Pierre Leveque;' and he thumped with the butt end of his musket on the floor, as if to find vent for his indignation.

'Be quiet, Pierre,' said the Mayor; 'it is my duty to settle this matter. Personal offence has nothing to do with the aggression, therefore you may as well keep your temper. Old man,' he continued, turning to the offender, 'let us hear how you can answer these accusations?'

The old man, who had not once lifted up his head, now drew from his pocket a ragged handkerchief, with which he wiped his face: then, for the first time looking full at the person who addressed him, touched his forehead with the back of his hand, by way of a respectful salutation, and continued to gaze upon him with an expression extremely difficult to interpret. To the Mayor it conveyed an indication of imbecility, which the age and decrepit appearance of the culprit tended to confirm.

'You are called upon,' he repeated, mildly, 'to give some account of yourself.'

'*Monsieur c'est vrai.* I am a poor working man; that is, not much fit for work, as you see; but all my children are married or in service, therefore I am under the necessity of keeping myself. I live on the outskirts of the forest, about three quarters of a league from hence. The nights are cold, and I require a bit of fire in my cabin to keep off my rheumatism.'

'All this is very well,' returned the Mayor, interrupting the rumbling voice that uttered these explanations, 'but it is foreign to our purpose. You must be aware that it is against the laws to supply your exigencies by cutting wood that belong to the government.'

'I know it.'

'If you have not the excuse of ignorance for the infringment of the law, there is none other to be offered.'

'*Monsieur le Maire, ecoutez.* I did not go into the forest to cut wood. I went thither to gather a bundle of the dry branches that had fallen from the trees.—*Monsieur* will tell you. I had my faggot made up beside me at the time. *Monsieur* cannot deny that.'

'I,' exclaimed the Forest Keeper, thus appealed to, 'I care neither for you nor your faggot, if you had twenty faggots by you, it does not destroy the fact of your having cut wood, nor of your insolence to me, you old rascal! Dost thou think thus to escape me?'

'Rascal!' repeated the old man hoarsely, at the same time drawing up his decrepit figure so suddenly and fiercely, that it seemed a transformation effected by magic. 'I a rascal, and you the man that say so!'

'Dare to reply to me, fellow, and you shall learn something else,' rejoined the Forrest Keeper, in a bullying tone, and with a sneering attempt at pleasantry, half addressed to the culprit himself, and half to the bystanders, 'that won't please you.'

The spectators now began to cast their jaers and carcasms at the accused.

'Silence!' said the Mayor, in a tone of authority.

But to the taunts and allusions that were passing round him, the aged culprit seemed no longer to pay attention. He had relapsed into silence; his menacing look and attitude had subsided into one of deep meditation, or at least into a kind of quiet humility that waited for the interference which ought to suppress them, and disdained itself to reply.

Silence being at length restored, the Mayor once more addressed the culprit, but still without harshness. 'It appears,' said he, 'that you cannot account for what has past, in any way that is favourable to your honesty; and since you will not answer plainly and sincerely, I desire to know your name, that I may do my duty as far as regards the offence.'

'I am ready to answer any questions; persisted the old man; 'so help me heaven, as I will speak the truth this day, in presence of you all.'

'Take down what he says,' said the Mayor to his clerk, for he could not himself write. The clerk, who had his writing materials before him, put his pen into his mouth, and then into the ink.

'Proceed,' said he, when he was thus prepared.

'You were seen in the forest of ——, between the hours of four and five this afternoon?'

'I was.'

'What was your occupation in the forest?'

'Picking up dry wood.'

'In what part of the forest did you pursue this occupation?'

'I can hardly mention one particular place.'

Here they were interrupted by Pierre Leveque.

'Hold, Mr. Mayor. He is going to tell you some fine things, no doubt; but I warn you not to believe a word he says, for he cannot utter the truth.'

'This remains to be shown,' was quickly remarked by the old man, without looking round, and almost at the same moment in which the Mayor again enjoined silence.

'You know, I suppose, where you were first seen by the Forest-keeper?'

Instead of directly replying to this question, the accused turned to the accuser, and begged him to state where he had met with him.

'Leveque described the spot, but not without accompanying his information with the same sort of scornful tone and expressions of which he had been so lavish throughout the discussion.

'I believe it was there that we met,' the other nervously replied. 'My head is something confused. It might have been there that you first saw me this afternoon. Of one thing, however, I am sure; it was not there that I first saw you!'

'What do you mean by these cavilling replies? Speak out, old man. Remember where you are. We want nothing but your name, and the circumstances of the case: so be brief and candid, or it shall be worse for you.'

The Forest-keeper was now silent; and it was afterwards remembered that his countenance at this period underwent a strange alteration.

'Oh, Sir!' continued the old man, 'I will say nothing but what is true; for being brief, alas!—I hardly know how. I am a weak old man; but I will clear myself. I will tell all—all. My name is Louis Morin—'

'Write down Louis Morin.'

There was no reply to this disinterested proposal. But a few moments after, another, a handsome and richly dressed chevalier, addressed her: 'Angel! your name?'

'Marie Jeanne, Monsieur.'

'Ah, you are not a Parisienne, by your accent!'

'No, Monsieur.'

'And, if not from Heaven, Mademoiselle, what part of France gave you birth?'

'Vaucouleurs, Monsieur.'

'A stranger in Paris?'

'*Oui*, Monsieur.'

'Married?'

'No, Monsieur.'

'Parents?'

'A mother, Monsieur.'

'Brothers and sisters?'

'No, Monsieur.'

'*Quelle grace! mignonne! et mademoiselle, ou demeurez-elle?*'

The charming brunette, with a grace possessed by nothing under heaven but a young French girl, or a swan, lifted her eyes to the handsome Monsieur's. She was positively dazzling. Never had he beheld a countenance so radiantly beautiful. Her features were perfect, even in repose, but with every word and thought some new grace appeared. Her smile was death; her glances were as fatal, could you have escaped her smile; and, withal, she had teeth of snow, and a voice which, even without any personal attractions, would have made you her slave in a minute.

'Marie Jeanne,' said the stranger, now really enchanted, 'sweet Marie Jeanne, I love you!'

What reply Marie Jeanne would have vouchsafed to this truly French declaration, it is not easy to determine; but, at this moment, her eyes happening to turn from her enamored companion, fell on another, the sight of whom appeared suddenly to change her determination. Throwing upon her adorer a cool look of surprise and displeasure, she remarked:

'Monsieur, I do not understand you. *Allez vous-en! Bon jour, Monsieur!*'

Notwithstanding a certain saucy archness, there was yet a sincerity in her air and tone not to be mistaken or resisted. She glided on her way. Monsieur stood rivetted to the spot, struck with a variety of emotions, in which astonishment and mortification were largely mingled. At length was a '*sacre*' rolling deeply from his tongue, and that delicious '*bon jour, Monsieur!*' ringing in his ears like a dream, he twisled his mustaches, tapped his leg with a small *baton*, hummed a lively air, and resumed the original course of his promenade.

CHAPTER II

The individual who had attracted the attention of Marie Jeanne, was leaning against the marble balcony which surrounded the bronze equestrian statue, at that time just erected in the *Place Louis Quinze*, in honor of the reigning Monarch. Whether it was that the stranger achieved the abrupt dismissal of his rival by a secret sign, or whether the more obvious attention of one palpably superior in beauty and bearing to all she had ever seen, induced the capricious coquette to afford him an opportunity of making her acquaintance, I shall not inquire; but certain it is that, when the first Monsieur had departed, she very quietly proceeded in a direction that led her within a few yards of the other. He was apparently a young noble, by the elegance of his person, and his air *distingue*. Tall and graceful, his large black eyes were full of thought and fire; and yet there was something sombre and mysterious in his expression. Neither did the tasteful simplicity of his dress escape the eye of Marie Jeanne. His coat of sky blue silk had a narrow edging of gold, and his straw-colored waistcoat was embroidered with silver. The hat, sword, buckles, and shoes, still farther bespoke the gentleman and the man of rank and fashion. He might have been a Count, or a Duke. He might have been a Prince, or even a King. Several youths of the royal family were reputedly fond of adventure, and gifted with temperaments not adverse from the smiles of beauty. The young Monarch was now on a visit to Paris. It was impossible, indeed, to surmise who the stranger might *not* be—some one distinguished, evidently.

As the fair *soubrette* passed the place, whence he had made her so profoundly the object of his gaze, he unfolded his arms and followed.

'So, so! I have turned off Monsieur just in time!' said Marie Jeanne to herself, as she lowered her eyes once more modestly to the ground, and pursued her way without looking back.

Marie Jeanne walked on. She passed from the Place Louis XV. up the *Rue Royale*, where the workmen were commencing excavations for the buildings which, at present, occupy that spot, and which were, soon after, the scene of such memorable events. She even reached the extremity of the street, and turned toward the *Boulevard des Italiens*, without looking back, or losing the studied and demure propriety of her demeanor. Still no step approached. No voice whispered the sweet words, 'charmante!' 'enchanteresse!' which she loved so much to hear. Some one passed. Her heart beat. He was a Jesuit Priest. Anoth r! Pshaw! only M. de Voltaire. He had been pointed out to her the day before as a great curiosity—a withered old man of sixty. It was not M. de Voltaire that Marie Jeanne wanted. Could it be possible that the handsome stranger had given up the pursuit? At length, impatient and half angry, she hastily turned her head. The object of her thoughts was just behind her. She stopped to arrange her shoe-buckle, and, in order to do so, exposed her pretty foot. The stranger stopped also. She walked on again with a more rapid pace. He did the same. She paused once more to arrange the kerchief about her bosom. He also paused.

'*Ciel!*' thought Marie Jeanne. 'How very extraordinary! Is the man mad?'

At length, with her mysterious pursuer always about the same distance from her, she found herself, by a circuitous route, again in front of the Tuileries, and supposing that timidity, or, perhaps, the fear of observation, prevented him from addressing her, she turned into the splendid garden, and gliding by statue and fountain, lost herself amid the black shadows of the close and winding walks.

'*Allons, nous verrons!*' said Marie Jeanne.

She had scarcely uttered the words, when the stranger appeared through the thick foliage, and stood by her face to face. Marie Jeanne actually blushed; but she recovered herself immediately, and with an air of offended dignity, 'Monsieur,' she said, 'what do you seek? I have done you no harm. Why do you follow me thus?'

She seemed very indignant; but her indignation only made her more lovely.

The unknown looked at her a moment with his dark, melancholy eyes, and sighed; then, with a faint smile, took her hand and kissed it, but with the utmost respect.

'Mademoiselle,' he said, in a low, gentle voice, 'dare I solicit from you one favor?'

Marie Jeanne struggled feebly to withdraw her hand.

'He is making love already,' thought she. 'What a charming place is this Paris!'

'If you will not grant my request, allow me at least to prefer it.'

She looked at him. He was very handsome. Her eyes said so; but her sweet, rosy mouth only replied—'I cannot keep you from using your own tongue, Monsieur.'

'Then promise to comply with the first thing I shall ask of you, *after you are queen of France.*'

'*Oh, bon Dieu!*' ejaculated Marie Jeanne to herself; 'he is then really mad! What a *great* pity! with such tender eyes, too;' and then somewhat hastily disengaging her hand, she answered with a compassionate smile, 'Yes, Monsieur, I faithfully promise to grant what you ask, when I am queen of France.'

'One moment,' said the stranger, ere he resigned the small white hand which he held compressed in his own: 'I see, Mademoiselle, you think me mad. I pray you, have a better opinion of me. I am not mad. Oh, *would* I were. Adieu! After your elevation, there will be only one thing more extraordinary.'

'*Quel dommage!*' thought Marie Jeanne; but knowing that lunatics must be pacified by an appearance of credulity on the part of their auditors, she asked him, though not without a half-suppressed smile:

'And what will that be?'

'*Your end!*' replied the stranger, sternly and solemnly.

'*Quel grand dommage!*' muttered Marie Jeanne once more, as her companion disappeared, and she resumed her way toward the streets. 'Queen of France! ah,' and she sighed, 'I wish to heaven I were! *Mais, mon Dieu!* It is getting late. What will Madame Labelle say all this while?'

CHAPTER III.

The Emperor Julian, that he might strike a death-blow at Christianity, resolved to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. As his impious design was frustrated, the tourist of our times, although locomotives may traverse the continent from Ostend to Thibet, will scarcely behold anything so magnificent as the chateau and gardens of Versailles. It is known that Louis XIV., beneath whose wand this vision of architectural grandeur arose,

[illegible] consigned the [illegible] pality. The court of Louis XV. [illegible] pleasure resembled the feasts of the gods. The treasures of a mighty nation were within their reach, and they bathed themselves in a sea of luxury and splendor. Not in the palace of the Caesars, or the seraglio of the Persian or the Mahometan, have there been ever more multiform and costly offerings at the altar of love and mirth. One dazzling divinity presided over the orgies of that stately temple. Her name was *Pleasure*.

The most casual reader need not be informed that women at this period ruled France. A royal contemporary, indeed, excited the ire of Louis XV. by designating the events of his administration as having occurred under the reign of Petticoat the First, Petticoat the Second, Petticoat the Third, in allusion to those syrens whom the effeminate monarch, with a latitude breathing of the atmosphere of Constantinople, called to share his pleasures and his power. It was about five years after the incident just related, when the Court of Versailles was thrown into great agitation, by changes either made or premeditated, of the most important description.

In an apartment of the chateau, corresponding in its furniture with the elegant splendor which reigned through the court, stood a most lovely woman, of three or four-and-twenty. She was clad with regal magnificence, but it was eclipsed by the resplendent beauty of the wearer. An air of dignity rendered her more tall in appearance than reality; and her attitude was that of authority, not unmingled with anger. Several gentlemen, evidently of the most exalted rank, were gathered around, with deep submission and respect in their air and attitude.—They looked at each other in consternation, but ill concealed, while she, her figure lifted to its height, her beautiful brow elevated and overshadowed, her eyes sparkling with fire, and her hand extended with the gesture of one commanding, and not to be disobeyed, appeared at once the queen and mistress of her trembling nobles. Her haughty bearing well became her station. The silence and fear of the circle around well became them—her inferiors and her slaves.

'Madame,' said one—it was the proud Duc de Choiseul—'let me entreat you to move his majesty in this affair. The Duchesse de Grammont is banished solely on your account, and with one word you can recall her.'

'But that word, my lord duke, I will never pronounce. As long as the slights of that imperious woman were directed against me in private, I bore them, because my lord, I despised her too much for hatred; but when she presumes to mate her with me in the open day, it is time her audacity should be checked and punished. It is so. She is exiled from the court. Let her remain awhile in solitude, and cool her fiery temper.'

The duke colored deeply, and withdrew several paces.

'Madame,' began the Duc de Fronsac, 'might I, as your friend, remind you that the Duchesse de Grammont is one of the most illustrious and powerful women in the kingdom?'

'Do you threaten, sir? The Duc de Choiseul, so far from wasting his influence in behalf of others, had better reserve it for himself. He will need it, and that before he is aware.'

The Duc de Choiseul, except the King, was the first man in France, yet he turned pale at this direct intimation of his disgrace, which, in fact, took place a few weeks afterward.

What Cleopatra is this, commanding the destinies of nobles and nations, the brightest star in the horizon of Versailles, the reigning divinity that swayed the very thoughts of Louis XV.? There were moments when she had all Europe at her feet. There were crises when she might, with her single hand, have changed the course of the most important events of history. And to whom did that hand belong? To Marie Jeanne. Ah, the coquette! One might have seen that face of hers was enough to turn Troy. Some ministers to the taste of the king had presented before him the friendless *modiste*. Her beauty effected a conquest which her wit and talent enlarged and confirmed, and the poor little Marie Jeanne was the nearest favorite of a throne, with all the power of a queen of France.

After the scene which we have transcribed above, Marie Jeanne, (now the Countesse du B——,) went into the chapel to attend mass. The company were collected, but she was the star on which every attention was fixed. Alas! there was little piety in her thoughts. On this day she had attained the summit of her wishes. She had humbled her enemies, and triumphed over them for ever. She had seen the greatest men of the court waiting an audience, and trembling beneath her frown. The King had publicly acknowledged her to be invested with authority almost equal with his own. She had now no rival. Her path was clear. Her beauty, instead of fading, had grown more lustrous than ever; and in her mind the sunshine of prosperity had awakened a thousand powers and graces, previously unsuspected even by herself. At this moment, (and while conscious that the homage of the assemblage was directed rather to her than to heaven,) leaning with his back against the wall behind the altar, his dark, beautiful eyes fixed steadfastly upon her countenance, she beheld the mysterious young prophet of the Tuileries, who, five years before, when she was only a simple miliner's girl in the Rue St Honore, had predicted her present remarkable destiny. He was noble looking and melancholy as ever, and on perceiving himself recognized, a sudden smile lit his expressive countenance, and he gracefully waved his finger round his brow, as if asking, '*Are you not Queen of France?*'

Astounded and alarmed, she felt her senses deserting her. She was agitated, as if in the presence of a supernatural being, and only by a strong exertion, and after closing her eyes, avoided fainting. At length, she once more looked toward the altar. The stranger had disappeared.

Singular as it may seem, the Countesse had utterly forgotten the madman of the Tuileries. His reappearance now brought the whole scene forcibly to her mind. He had predicted her present elevation of rank, but he had predicted also an extraordinary end. She was lost in wonder and fear. In her emotion, she mentioned to a confidential friend, with a declaration that she would give any money in the world for an interview with the object of her dread. To this friend it appeared sufficiently singular to be made the subject, unknown to the Countesse, of a report to the lieutenant general of police. 'Any money in the world,' said the latter, 'is a very tempting reward. We will see if we cannot ferret out this Parisian Daniel!'

The French police, at that time, was by no means an undisciplined instrument of power, and all its bloodhounds were let loose to track out the mysterious prophet. Their efforts were utterly fruitless.

The Comtesse was sitting, a few weeks after, alone in the boudoir, when a footman brought in a letter, sealed with black seals, and bearing the impress of a death's head. This gloomy document, upon being opened, was found to contain the following words:

'MADAME LA COMTESSE—I am perfectly aware that the strict pursuit made after me, in your name, is without your knowledge or sanction. Those sent in search of me have spared no pains or trouble to ascertain my name and abode. *My* abode! Let all, as they value themselves, avoid meeting me there; for when they enter it, it will be never to quit it more. Who am I?—That can only be known when this life has been exchanged for another. I charge you, Madame, to command the Lieutenant, M. de Sartines, to cease his researches after me! they would be fruitless and might only compromise your safety. Remember, I predicted your good fortune; was I not correct? I have also foretold reverse; I am equally correct in them. You will see me *once* more; and should I unfortunately cross your path a *fourth* time, prepare to bid adieu to the light of Heaven and the pleasures of this world.'

The Comtesse was struck with undefinable terror.—She ordered the immediate cessation of police proceedings. For a time, anxiety and wonder overshadowed her days and banished slumber from her pillow. But she was the lightest-hearted creature under heaven, and Versailles the gayest spot on earth. The beloved favorite of a magnificent monarch—young, beautiful, envied, and admired—pleasure soon again wove its enchantments around her steps; a thousand schemes of mirth and folly were adopted, and the mysterious prophet was once more forgotten.

CHAPTER IV.

It is a very insecure tenure of power, either for a male or female politician—the caprice of a voluptuary and a despot! and yet have there been favorites of either sex, so successful in maintaining their dominion over royal minds, as to hold the reins of government with absolute security, uninterrupted for years. The little Marie Jeanne the modest *couturiere* of the Rue St Honnore, was now one of these potent rulers, and, in the character of the Comtesse du Barre, swayed to her idlest caprice, the monarch of France. Years sped on, and her influence increased. She forgot the obscurity of her birth and early life, and trod the brilliant saloons of Versailles with the accustomed confidence of one born to a throne. Louis XV. was not only fascinated by that wonderful beauty which had attracted the commendation of the pedestrian connoisseurs about the Tuilleries, but he was equally [illegible] tered by the charms of a sweet disposition, and a profound yet elegant mind. [illegible] was, of course, the [illegible] queens, empresses, dukes, [illegible] ers, and philosophers, [illegible] frown, or rejoiced in her favor; [illegible] that those beautiful [illegible] the stones of the [illegible]. The highest and [illegible] ty in that magnificent [illegible], of which she was the unrivalled mistress, were taught to bend and withdraw from her anger; and her relatives and friends, nay, even the most casual among her acquaintances were elevated to rank and riches by her slightest wish.

Not only did the private circles of the Court feel the influence of this most remarkable woman's genius, but its effects extended throughout France and Europe.—The liberal ministry were, by her, dismissed from office. Under her secret enmity, the parliaments, which even before the reign of the Fifteenth Louis began to raise their voices, were arbitrarily suppressed; a measure that left in the nation an inflamed hatred of the Court, which too soon broke into a blaze. It is said that the division of Poland, that act of national felony, which has left an eternal stigma upon modern Europe, might have been prevented, had she chosen to render the least support to the cause of that oppressed country.—With many virtues she possessed many faults. Most of the latter were those of education and accident, while the former were peculiarly her own. She was ambitious, wasteful and unthinking; but she was also generous, faithful and sincere. Her affectionate nature delighted in acts of munificence; but they led her to make such demands upon the treasury as to exhaust the very wealth of the nation, and to [illegible] those gloomy and unutterable horrors which in the revolution, burst like a furious hurricane upon devoted France, sweeping the good and bad together into a common ruin.

At the period to which this little story refers, the fatal clod had commenced only to gather in the horizon, without casting its black shadow over the sunshine of the Court. Louis XV. was still monarch, and a spirit of Paphian luxury pervaded the royal abode. The shrines of morality and religion were deserted for that of pleasure. Every thing that could dazzle and delight, was blended with every thing that could corrupt the heart. Vice, in all her most refined and alluring forms, roamed abroad unabashed; virtue alone was ridiculed and despised. If a profligate noble was ruined at cards, his exhausted purse was replenished from the treasury. Did a lascivious Abbe awaken against him the indignation of his flock by new forms of debauchery, he was elevated to a higher and more lucrative place in the Church. If a minister advised measures to control the licentiousness of the *noblesse*, and to secure the rights of the people, he was dismissed in disgrace; and if a father or a husband resented the insult offered by Duke or Prince to his daughter or wife, a *lettre de cachet* dragged him from the bosom of his family, and immured him perhaps for life, in the dungeons of the Bastile.

From the millions thus insulted, oppressed, and forgotten, at length arose murmurs no longer to be stifled. The fire of such minds as Voltaire and Mirabeau began to infuse itself into the mass. But the gay throng of Versailles, surrounded by groves, colonnades, streams, fountains, and statues, hedged in by the sacred divinity of rank, allied with the potent powers of Europe, little dreamed of other danger than some saucy riot, or of other consequences than the necessity of shedding some plebian blood by the bayonets of their own countrymen. Still in that stately and superb *chateau* were heard the sounds of revelry and mirth. Still royalty spread all its pride, and beauty wove all its spells, and Louis XV. was master of France, and Marie Jeanne was the very divinity of Louis XV.

One night, soothed and delighted by the uncommon beauty of the sky, the Comtesse stole from a giddy revel to a marble balcony, which overlooked the loveliest of scenes. The long range of the Palace was visible in the moonlight, a heavy, interminable pile of grandeur.—The sound of the music and the dancers came softened from the distant rooms; the cool breath of nature blew in refreshingly, laden with the grateful perfume of grove and garden; and the moon, full orbed and lustrous, lay couched upon a fleecy cloud, with the soft radiance so peculiar to the pale face of Dian.

The Comtesse sighed as she gazed, for there is something reproachful in the quiet of nature to one just forth from the glare of a revel; but yet her sigh was not one of grief.

'No,' she cried; 'I am blessed beyond my merits. I am the mistress of this lordly scene. To me is every wish referred, every knee bent. Ah! how little thought the poor *Marie Jeanne* as she used to make her toilet before a piece of glass, in the seventh story of an old house in the Rue St. Honore, that she would ever be the powerful and beloved mistress of such a magnificent abode!

Again she sighed. Did imagination deceive her? or was that sigh echoed only by the breeze? She looked around with a nameless apprehension. A few feet beneath with folded arms, leaning motionless against a statue, stood the figure of a man. At that moment he turned. The moon fell upon his noble but melancholy countenance. With a thrill that froze her very heart's blood, she met his eyes. He was the prophet. It was the threatened visit.

'Stay!' she cried 'mysterious being!' But he was gone; and, where he stood, a tall statue of the Dian arose, stern, cold, and stirless, in the moonlight.

At this moment a confusion was audible through the chateau, which, from its extent, seemed to have some uncommon cause. Nearly fainting with indefinite fears, the Comtesse turned to re-enter from the balcony. She was met by a noble of the Court.

'Duc d'Aiguillon, what has occurred?'

'Madame have you not seen him?'

'What, that mysterious and dreadful visiter?'

'Visiter? What do you mean? I refer to the King.'

'The King?'

'He is dangerously ill!'

'Almighty Heaven!'

'A sudden malady has almost bereft him of reason; but he has anxiously inquired for you—'

'Lead me to him, ere it be too late!'

'Madame,' said the Duc de Cosse, entering, with a solemn expression, 'it is already too late!'

'Do not speak it—do not kill me—at least he yet lives?'

'Madame, *the King is dead*. Louis XVI. is now the honored Sovereign of France.'

Wild with terror and despair, the Comtesse flew through the gorgeous apartments of the Palace. Even in traversing them at this early hour, she perceived that her dream was over. Those who had yesterday knelt to her at a respectful distance, now either assailed her with sarcasm, or addressed her with familiarity. One so long in power could scarcely fail to be hated by many. As she reached her own chambers, she found a messenger from the new King. He had brought her an order of immediate banishment. He departed with a sneer. Of the throngs who, but a few hours before, had crowded to offer their flatteries, not one now remained. She sat down *alone*. Marie Jeanne was no longer *Queen of France*.

CHAPTER V.

It will be seen, by reference to the mysterious letter receive by the Comtesse, after the second visit of the fatal stranger that he had announced the certainty of one more interview, and the possibility of another.—'You will see me *once* more'—thus ran the lines—'and should I unfortunately cross your path a *fourth* time, prepare to bid adieu to the light of heaven and the pleasures of this world.' *Three times* she had already beheld him. Was she to meet him the *fourth*!

No reader requires details respecting the reign of Louis XVI. The Comtesse had sustained the loss of her royal lover without being entirely ruined; and, possessed of an ample private fortune, she retired to a beautiful villa near the chateau, and, by her accomplishments and genius, became once more the centre of a circle almost as brilliant, and much more faithful, than those, who had environed her steps in her days of power.

The Revolution had now burst forth. The people were up, and frantic for revenge. The lovely daughter of Marie Theresa, the thoughtless Marie Antoinette, was haunted like a beautiful doe by fierce bloodhounds. Democracy, far and wide, raged like a flame. Royalty tottered to its very foundations. The king and queen were now deserted by their most trusted friends. The Comte d'Artois, the Prince de Conde, the Duc de Bourbon, the Duc d'Enghien, the Prince de Conti, and the time-serving Polignacs, fled to Turin—to Bath—to Germany, or Austria—any where from France. As the pusillanimous nobles abandoned their posts, demons scarcely clothed in human forms, arose amid the discord, to guide and promote it. The names of Robespierre, Danton and Marat, were howled through the storm. Law was abolished, religion destroyed, form derided, treachery and cruelty were rewarded, fidelity and honor punished. The guillotine was erected—blood began to flow—the prisons were crowded—the time for escape was gone—the king fell on the scaffold—the queen—half the court—the rivers of France ran red—and only one universal sound of weeping and wailing arose to heaven.

The Comtesse kept her little circle in Paris; and the virtues of her character unfolded themselves nobly in this dark extremity. Every one seemed her friend.—She had known and loved Voltaire and Rosseau. She had at her soirees Marat, Robespierre, Danton, and [illegible]

[illegible] 'Of course, that [illegible] of all.'

'Well then, [illegible] The late King—Louis XV.—in a certain spot, in the chateau of Versailles, concealed a casket of vast importance.'

A deadly paleness overspread the face of the Comtesse.

'I see, madame, you are in possession of the secret. Louis XV. confided this fact only to yourself. The last time this casket was opened was when the king placed in it a large packet, you standing with a taper in your hand to afford his majesty a light. The casket contains evidence which will bring the haughtiest nobles in France to the guillotine. You are the only being alive who knows where it is hidden. We must have it. Madame la Comtesse, will you oblige us with the desired secret?'

'I do not know who you are, sir,' replied the Comtesse, loftily; 'but whoever you may be, since your avowed object is to shed more blood, and add others to the already insupportable evils of unhappy France, I must refuse you the required knowledge.'

'Madame, beware! I am not to be trifled with.'

'Nor, sir, am I; and as this interview is not agreeable to me, I heartily wish it concluded.'

'Madame la Comtesse,' (these words were spoken with undisguised irony, as all titles of nobility were abolished,) 'I wish you good day.' He made [illegible] a significant look, and withdrew.

Delighted with the consciousness of having performed an heroic action, the Comtesse in the evening met a circle of powerful friends at the opera. There was an interval when she sat in her box alone, glad of a moment of solitary reflection. The privilege, however, was not long to be granted. There was another knock. 'Come in,' she cried, and half rising, opened the door. Tall, stern, pale, and noble, the mysterious being who had twice foretold her destiny stood silently before her. A shriek that alarmed the whole house burst from her quivering lips, and she fell back senseless.

CHAPTER VI.

The spot, the Place Louis XV. trodden to-day by the careless feet of so many happy travellers, was partly covered with an idle crowd. The populace at large, sated with horrors, had ceased to be attracted by the familiar scene of death. In the centre stood the guillotine. A female was dragged, struggling and desperate, to the spot. A long, loud roll of drums were beaten to drown her shrieks. Of all the countless victims, not one had yielded so shudderingly to the fatal stroke.—By the hand of force she was thrust down upon her knees—

'Give me *one moment*—give me *but*'—

It fell—the drums beat—a few shouts arose, *Vive la Republique!*

Adieu, Beautiful Marie Jeanne!

The reader need scarcely be told that this little sketch refers to an incident said to have actually occurred to one, distinguished, unfortunately, not alone for her loveliness

The letter is inserted *verbatim*.

THOUGHTS, SCRAPS AND NEWS.

MUNICIPAL.—At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen Monday:

Order of notice passed on the petition of R. E. Ruthven, to have common sewer laid in Endicott street.

Petition of Samuel A. Houghton to be indemnified for the damage to his horse and carriage on the South bridge; of Geo. Ross to be indemnified for loss in breaking his carriage in Dock square; of Peleg Tallman to have lamps lighted in Pleasant Court. Referred.

An order passed to perambulate the lines between the city and the towns of Dorchester, Roxbury, and Brookline, and that the Mayor be requested to notify the Selectmen of those towns to meet on the lines on the 3d of November next.

The Mayor and Alderman Quincy were joined to the Committee of the Common Council, consisting of Messrs Waters, Ellis and Chapman, to inquire whether any alteration be necessary in the ordinance respecting the assessment and collection of taxes.

Constitution of Engine No. 4. Referred.

Wednesday night, a little after 10 o'clock, fire was discovered in the West India goods store of Mr John W. Boyd, No. 4 India wharf. It probably originated from the stove, and was confined, by the exertions of the firemen, principally to the lower story. Insured $2000 at the Firemen's. Mr Geo. P. Thomas had a counting house in the second story, and suffered some damage in papers and books.—*Trans.*

The garrison of Paris consists of 24,000 men, 12 or 15 regiments of cavalry and infantry in barracks; within twenty leagues of the capital, 25,000; the camp at Compeigne 30,000. Thus an army of 79,000 men, which is a third of the whole army, now guard the capital The drum, the drum, is the street music at Paris, all the day, and at early morning and at night.

We learn by the New York Sun that a female was found dead on the Bloomingdale road, lying on her face among the bushes. She was very commonly dressed, and the young man who discovered the body did not stop to see whether there were any marks of violence upon her. The verdict of the jury's inquest is not yet known.

PUNNING.—In speaking of the balloon ascent of the Duke of Brunswick and Mrs Graham, during which both parties fell to the ground from the height of several feet, a wag remarked that after the very 'high words' that passed between his grace and Mrs G. it was not at all surprising they should 'fall out.'

One John Burr has stolen and carried off a pulpit in Ohio. We have heard of ministers removing to another church when they had a call, but this is the first case where the pulpit itself had a call.

FIRES. They have had two fires in New Bedford. Mr Stephen Taber, an industrious mechanic of that town has suffered severely—his carpenter's shop, with all its paraphernalia were consumed.

Mr Rand, who keeps a stall in Quincy Market, had his pocket book stolen on Wednesday from his drawer, containing upwards of $600.—*Trans.*

William Dugan, an Irish laborer, in the employ of the Winnisimmet Company, fell from the ferry boat Thursday morning, and was drowned.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN. The Northampton Courier tells a cotemporary editor that if he does not mind his eye, he will get his knuckles '*wrapped* most confoundedly.'

ILLUSTRIOUS! Poulson's Advertiser says that a man in Philadelphia has put in his fifty-fourth vote, and that he has *always been a whig!*

We have received from Marsh, Capen & Lyon their fine edition of Marryat's Midshipman Easy. As the book has been before the public some time, it is needless to enter into any criticisms upon it.

At Colman's will be found part second of Cooper's Sketches of Switzerland, from the press of Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, in two volumes.

Also, from the same publishers, the 'Lives of Cardinal Richelieu, Count Oxenstein, and Cardinal Mazarine,' by James. These are all highly interesting and valuable works.

☞Freeman Bradford's house in Portland caught fire on the roof near the chimney, but was soon extinguished. Fireman must be careful.

Napoleon Bonaparte was a great man. It is better to be good than to be wicked. A lying man is deceitful.

Some extraordinary improvements have been made upon steam boilers which much diminish the expense and *risk*.—A good notion, for so far the boilers have only been a sort of modest infernal machine.

Lucien Bonaparte's son has been released from prison through the intercession of the emperor of Austria, but must quit Italy.

The Montreal Transcript informs us that 'Winter approaches.' We believe that is the general opinion, at this season of the year.

☞Good fresh oysters are for sale at Mr Fisher's Hotel in Montreal.

Pauline Murat, the beautiful sister of Napoleon, has arrived at Toulon.

We understand from the Boston Pearl—no more than we understood before.

A BOXER BOXED UP.—Mendoza, the celebrated boxer, is dead.

☞The Northampton Courier mentions a hard snow storm with hail, high wind and rain in that vicinity.

Six persons were taken from the city Thursday morning, to Quarantine Island, sick with the small pox.

THE LION THEATRE will be opened on the first Monday in November.

Thursday, Nov. 17th, is the day set apart for Thanksgiving in New Hampshire.

Maelzel's Exhibition of the Conflagration of Moscow is to be re-opened for a short time.

7,300 boats have left the Schuylkill Coal region this season with 365,365 tons of Coal.

Joseph Lovell, Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, died at Washington on Monday.

YANKEE CONSISTENCY. The Yankees have obtained a [illegible] for the Yankees.

Whether much of [illegible] forms, covering baseness and depravity coequal with that more openly practiced [illegible] going up to the holy temples on the Sabbath because a custom requires it, when the heart is in the midst of money bags, speculations, &c.—a stealing away from the glare of day, and a concealment of the wild and mad abandonment of guilt in secret places, where there is not the less wickedness because so concealed—a warping of knowledge to better bad designs—these charges, when made, we will not discuss, for it is not our object. We have to do with one of the requirements of Yankee morals, and one alone.

It is argued by a great many moralists amongst us, that no dealing should be held with a professedly or openly depraved individual, or one who entertains opinions at war with the judgment of the community—that it is the duty of all to avoid such a one—that although business transactions with him, may not involve any moral accountability, yet the countenance of the community should not be afforded to a being who sets the will of God and man at defiance, and who, if encouraged can obtain the means to spread a pernicious influence around him.

These views extend to theatrical and other exhibitions. And it is declared that these are unworthy the patronage of a Yankee community who lead depraved lives—that their example is contagious—that it is prejudicial to the moral interests of the community to sustain them, or witness their performances.

We will for our object allow this reasoning to be true—as perhaps it is true. The prosperity of a bad man is a reproach to society, and a prejudicial example to those who are honestly laboring for gain—and this prosperity may too put power into the hands of the possessor to disseminate evil and contaminate others by the contagion of precept and example, supported by the means of indulgence. In the case of the theatrical performer, there is certainly a superior delight in witnessing the personification of virtue by a possessor of virtue, and a thought of degradation and desecration of honor and honesty, when the base, although assisted by the brightest genius, attempt the delineation of a virtuous creature. But how is the general opinion of our citizens carried into effect? Is consistency preserved? Is merit rewarded in the virtuous theatrical performer or exhibitor of any kind, rather than depravity countenanced and applauded, talent being equal? No—on the contrary, the worst argument that can be produced for a man, however talented and capable of affording pleasure to others is, that he is virtuous or unfortunate. Such an annunciation for the sake of moving sympathy, is sure to create an empty house, while the possession of wealth or note, although the possessor be not particularly careful as to the boundaries of his conduct, will ensure him plaudits and a crowded purse. Such is the inconsistency of Yankee requirements. Let us take a few cases in point.

Miss Graddon brings as one of her strongest recommendations, a spotless purity of character, and refinement of feeling which have secured her the esteem of all who know her. To this is added the most desirable powers as a vocalist—and yet she has not secured except a portion of the favor of which she is so deserving. Miss Watson was here the last season, or the season before the last. Who was she? A young lady who ran away with Paganini, and left him because he would not marry her. True, an attempt was made to decry some of the circumstances, but they were too well known to obtain belief—yet was she applauded and admired. Who is the woman living with her father as his wife in this country, and wearing his name? A *Mrs Wells* of London, who has accompanied him to this country, when he has left a wife and several children at home. The virtue and worth of these individuals may be expeditiously estimated. Who is the Miss Horton, now singing at the Park—playing Amina, and the most difficult operas? A third rate London singer, who would not have been suffered to impose on an English audience as she has upon an American. A woman who has *accompanied* an actor by the name of *Abbot* to this country, placing herself under his *kind protection*—and *he* has a wife and children in England. We care not to expose these worthies; but we really desire to witness some consistency in our notions of the requirements of virtue, so as not to mislead the virtuous.

We observe in the card of Mr Howard for a concert on Saturday, a sentence reading 'that unfortunately being unable to prosecute his profession, by a calamitous occurrence he is induced to offer his name for a concert.' Now Howard has a wife and family, whom he must in some manner or other support. He has six years been almost helpless in his bodily frame from a disease in the spine. He is a first rate singer, and according to Yankee notions of virtue, he ought to have for himself alone, a crowded house. But we are inclined to think that he had better have said that he was rich and fortunate, which would have secured him attention.

They do things differently in New York and Philadelphia. There, when he announces a concert, the Press comes gladly to his aid, his professional brethren aid him, and he has a glorious reward. Let him not be an example of the continuance of this sad *inconsistency*.

We did not commence with an intention to write a puff for Miss Graddon or Mr Howard. We have only cited them as present instances to illustrate our remarks.

MR BRISTOW AND THE ANTI-ANGULAR SYSTEM. Mr Bristow called upon us yesterday, to inquire why we had chopped him into mince meat in sundry of our issues. We told him the reason was that we didn't think much of him.—He then entered into copious illustrations of himself and his system—says he was the originator and grandfather of all new systems—the renovator of penmanship—the first who with magic wand, made the labor of years the work of only hours—the one who gave to all writing masters the style they teach—in fact the best penman extant or embalmed. He agreed with us that those who wont—wont; and that those who can see have a fair chance to look. We asked him why he put out his pompous antiangular advertisements—and he answered that if he had the least spark of modesty he should not be able to pay his way—that that quality is not current (too true)—that he used it as well as he could until he was out at the elbows, when he changed his tune and talked large—and pasted up at the corners of the streets the biggest words in the dictionary. We further inquired why he first came out on the Prince, King, Emperor, Duke, Royal Society and Leather medal system. To which he replied that he certainly did swell immensely in that kind of pill, but that he had dropped it of late, for he had really grown quite a republican. He delighted us with the information that he came to this country in the year 1827 in October, the very month that Gen Jackson was about to be President, and that he commenced his system at about the same time that that august personage took the great Chair—that he had not left the country since, consequently had remained here to the present time.

What Mr Bristow told us is undoubtedly true, and some parts really carried strong conviction with them.

THE SOUND BOATS!—The Cleopatra, a fine fast boat, commanded by an excellent man, Capt. Wm. Reynolds now runs between New York and Providence. She came in on Thursday before the Providence, with a large number of passengers. The cars started five minutes before their time, purposely to prevent the passengers of the Cleopatra from getting to Boston. Great indignation was the consequence.

This is the effect of MONOPOLY—by which the boats and cars are under the same government, and the public are to be COMPELLED to do as the company wishes! Things have arrived at a pretty pass if this is to be suffered, and we are to be made the puppets of the Steamboat and Railroad Company, to be smashed by ignorant Engineers, or blown sky high, or what not.

One of the Company's boats was advertised to go to New York lately at ONE DOLLAR, in consequence of the starting of the other boat, and five hundred passengers went on board with that expectation—but as the other boat did not go as it was discovered afterwards, each passenger was charged FIVE DOLLARS! Their anger at the imposition may be conceived.

Let the public look out for themselves. The Cleopatra is a good boat, Reynolds is a good commander, and she goes as cheap as the MONOPOLY INDEPENDENT LINE. Let the public judge.

A BEQUEST. The Daily Advertiser says that the late John Lowell, Jr Esq, whose lamented death, while on his travels in Asia, was announced a few months since, has by his will, made before he left the country on his journey, given one half of his large property to the city of Boston, to be appropriated to the support of lectures, on certain specified branches of learning. We understand that the amount of this legacy will be about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

SPARRING.—Mr Sheridan has removed his sparring school from the Gymnasium in Hanover street, now that the cold weather has commenced, to Room No. 7 Haskins' Buildings, where he has, we are happy to say, many pupils. We say *happy*, for we consider Mr Sheridan above the ordinary line of pugilists, and a gentlemanly teacher of an art, which he professes not for the purpose of obtaining a subsistence from brutal contests with others, but as a healthy, valuable exercise. He has no connection with prize fighters, or wandering pugilists, such as Phelan and others, but rests on his good behavior and gentlemanly demeanor for patronage. He has many gentlemen at his school.

The Pearl says that the play of Pizarro was got up on board the Guerriere while she lay in harbor; and that the 'stout-fisted' sailors who personated the 'virgins of the Sun,' wrapped their hands in handkerchiefs to conceal the 'too, too solid flesh.' Whoever penned this article in the Pearl needs to be informed that the 'virgins of the Sun' were not personified by stout-fisted sailors, but young and handsome boys, whose complexions were scarcely less fair than those of the ladies of our city; and the story about wrapping their hands in handkerchiefs is as true as Baron Munchausen. We like to see people write on subjects which they know nothing about—it gives so good a chance for the play of the imagination.

POLICE COURT.

PATRICK M'CAULEY was found vociferating in the street tremendously, and singing *spiritual songs*. The [illegible] he did not appear to comprehend the meaning of it, and had, probably, never been in a court of justice before. When Mr Power began to [illegible] defendant interrupted him with a look of astonishment, evincing no little wonder at the whole affair. He was fined $3 and costs.

WM. M. HATHAWAY complained of BARNEY FOY, an Irish laborer, who was unable to pass Mr H.'s door without helping himself to one of the pair of warm pantaloons which hung in front of the store. When Foy was caught and brought back, Mr H. asked him where he got those trousers. He replied, 'None of your business.' He was quite independent in Court, and when asked whether he was guilty or not, he rubbed his cheek and considered a moment before he answered 'Not guilty.' When convicted and asked if he had any money, he answered 'Not much.' The judge told the clerk, two months in the House of Correction, when he rapidly came to himself, and began to inquire how much the fine would be; but it was too late.

JOHN BROWN was hauled up for an assault and battery on a black woman—the defendant also being a colored person. The complainant appeared resolved to hoe her own row, and when the counsel for defendant told her he did not wish to puzzle her, she replied with a toss of her head, that she did not intend to be puzzled—that she had the mark to show where he struck her, and 'that's enough for you,' said she. Counsel for defendant asked her if she did not strike him. She said No, that she only laid her hands on him, and pushed him. 'You may lay your hands on me,' said she, 'if you like—but I shall not consider that a blow.'—She probably meant, *in the way of tenderness*. Defendant fined $1,50 and costs, which he paid.

JOHN CHASE was complained of as a common drunkard, and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction.—He was led off, when several gentlemen came and put in bail for him, to appear at the Municipal Court.

PHEBE SEARLE was one of the daughters of Venus, and inclined to love where she should not. Having one husband already, she was not content with her allotment, but sought lovers in the highways and the public streets—her tenderness diffusing itself over the masculine sex in general—she being a lover of all mankind. It was, therefore, thought expedient to transfer her to the South Boston nunnery for five months.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, alias Jos B. Young, a tall, aristocratic looking young man, was hauled up for stealing a waistcoat from the door of a clothing store. Joseph was rather ragged and evidently a poor man. He said that he took the jacket, but said he, 'I observed to the clothier that I was a poor man, and that if he would let me go, I would immediately leave the city and would not return any more. I acknowledged to him that I was in an *error*—and I was rather more intoxicated than is usual with me.' He also said that he was then a little intoxicated at the time he stood before the court. He was sent to the House of Correction for two months

——— ——— came to the court house very much as an ox goes to the slaughter house, pushing, struggling, bracing against the steps with his feet, and throwing every obstruction in the way of the law which he could. He evidently possessed very little of that Roman virtue which distinguished Regulus, and was not at all inclined to sacrifice himself for the public good. He plead not guilty to the charge of being a common drunkard. Witness stated that he came to the house, trying to break down the door, and threatening to murder every body within it. Defendant asked the witness but one question, whether he 'turned over things'—which being rather ambiguous, was replied to by repeating the former evidence. The Judge found by the record that ——— had been four times to the House of Correction. He was discharged from that place on Sunday last. He was, therefore, sent to the Loafers' Hotel for six months longer.

INSURANCE—A CONVERSATION—HONESTY, &c. &c.—We were lately riding in an omnibus (not a Roxbury omnibus, reader) and found in the vehicle three gentlemen—one of them we immediately recognised to be an officer, and a second a large stockholder in an Insurance Office in this city. The conversation was at first quite desultory, but at length turned to the frequent losses of steamboats on the Missisippi, and then to the steamer Independence, which had been some time before lost near Bangor. We will denominate the speakers, Officer, Stockholder, and Friend. They conversed as follows—

Stockholder—Wasn't it *pre-eminently careless* in Capt. Howes to run on that rock? He must have known of its position. (*Strong emphasis on 'careless.'*)

Officer—I should think *so*. (*Laughing*.) You know the Company wanted to get rid of the boat.

All—Ha! ha! ha!

Friend—They are well rid of the old hulk.

Off—'Thereby hangs a tale'—You know the public had become so prejudiced against her that she was useless, and it was contemplated to break her up soon, and get what they could for her. Now she's sunk so fairly, the Company have been laughing in their sleeves at the underwriters, and congratulating themselves on obtaining so much more than they expected, with so little trouble—

All—Ha! ha! ha!

Off—But the best of the joke is, that the underwriters have sent a knowing fellow down to her, and he has raised her and will have her safely delivered to the Company in good order before a great while—

All—Ha! ha! ha!

Friend—The Company probably expected to make Capt. Howes a present *for his skill*. (*Emphasis on skill.*)

All—Ha! ha! ha!

Stock—But there's another funny circumstance. Mr —— informed me that the Company had already declared a dividend of the thirty thousand; and now their faces are as long as your arm—

All—Ha! ha! ha!

This conversation exposes the views which many have of their fellow men, and the foul suspicion floating about in every wind. Honesty is not current. Every act is suspected—and no man can be active in anything noble or virtuous without being accused of some selfish motive. This dialogue detailed above, was not merely jest, but was spoken by the parties in that garrulous spirit, which sees every thing with a jaundiced eye. In the first place, the idea thrown out was, that Capt Howes, than whom a more honest and valuable citizen exists not, could be villain enough to wreck the boat—the second, that a company of honorable gentlemen were knavish scoundrels. We have chosen to make comments on the matter, not because we imagine there is any necessity of exculpating the Captain or the Company, but to show the conversation held between two individuals interested in insurance companies. 'Straws show how the wind blows,' says the old adage—and the sneers of Mr Officer and Stockholder may be set down for inklings of 'Cabinet Councils.'

It is to be regretted that men in their intercourse with each other, cannot go upon the principle, to believe every man honest, until he is proved a knave, rather than to suspect all honesty until the evidences of its existence are shadowless.—We do not suppose, nor would we convey the idea, that it is a maxim of our insurance companies to doubt the truth of those who apply to them for damages on account of losses; but we know, and are indignant at the knowledge, that *sometimes* it is done, and by some of our insurance officers *often* done, to their own disgrace and the discredit of the office in which they have an interest. Let us relate a case which has lately come to our ears.

An humble storekeeper in the town of B——t Me, sent a request to a merchant in this city to obtain insurance for him on his stock and store, which was effected to the amount of seven hundred dollars. Very soon after, his store was consumed with its contents, and he hastened to Boston in trepidation, to know whether he had been insured, which he had at that time no advice of. The merchant who was his agent, went to the office, and informed the president of the loss, who behaved in a most gentlemanly manner. Soon, a director came in, who is one of the richest men in the city and the matter was communicated to him. 'Astonishing,' cried he, 'very astonishing that your store could burn down and you know nothing of the cause. But I see how it is—*quick work and sure pay*. Yes, I see how it is!'

He continued for some time, throwing out base innuendoes, while the storekeeper stood in silent consternation. The merchant however gave vent to a just indignation, and blew a blast into the ear of the Director which he will not forget for a long while.

Insurance offices are a blessing to the public, and a benefit to their stockholders—but let their dealings be honorable and credit be given to their customers for honest intentions and conduct.

POINT.—*One good one*.—So various are the estimates formed of us by our fellow creatures, that there never, perhaps, existed an individual, however unpraiseworthy, who was not acknowledged to have *one* good point in his character, though it by no means follows that this admission is always to be taken as a compliment. A gentleman, travelling on a Sunday, was obliged to stop, in order to replace one of his horse's shoes. The farrier was at church, but a villager suggested that if he went to Jem Harrison's forge, he would probably be found at home. This proved to be true,—when the rustic who had led the horse to the spot, exclaimed—'Well, I must say that for Jem—for it is the only good point about him—he do never go to church!'

Don Quixotte and Sancho Panza of the Boston Pearl have taken up a line which we stuck into the bottom of a column, and made merry with it. Our article ran thus—'Human laws are made for the benefit of the community—but the moral law, written in the heart, is for the benefit of the individual himself.' Now the *profound* and *independent* thinkers of the Pearl had not wit enough to perceive that we were drawing a contrast, and therefore took hold of the first proposition alone, just as they always handle a subject by looking *only on one side*.

By a law of the last session, the Supreme Court of Ohio is authorized to grant divorces whenever either of the contracting parties can prove that the other has been an habitual drunkard for two years.

THE LOWELL FACTORY GIRLS. We observe that many of our brethren of the press are inclined to make merry about 'the flare up among the girls at Lowell.' Now we do think that where the sex are dependant upon their own exertions for a livelihood, and where no champion, as of old, steps forth to see them righted, they have no other resource, but to speak for themselves. If men are recreant to their primitive natures—if no natural feeling of tenderness or gallantry toward the fairer part of the creation, can induce them to forego the grinding process, even where the fair are concerned—and that the majority of the factory girls are not deficient in loveliness we know from personal observation—then must they step forth and assert their own rights. The truth is, that there are a set of cringing sycophants connected with these establishments, in the shape of overseers, agents, &c. who have souls so narrow and so mean, that no girl of common independence can get along with them; and it is they who poison the minds of the owners with stories that it is a disgrace to listen to. For our own part, we glory in the firmness of these poor girls, who are, however, too often obliged to succumb to circumstances, and return to their cruel task masters. Yes, these things which wear breeches, but which have nothing else of the man about them, look as coldly upon the straits to which gentle females are reduced, as does the vampyre upon his prey, and watch every opportunity to take advantage of their necessities and triumph over their helplessness. We are ashamed of our own sex, and if such baseness continues to characterise them, we must say that we do not care how soon the women seize upon the sceptre and the truncheon. But we will hope better things. We will indulge the belief that whatever oppressions and impositions may be practised on the needy of our own sex, woman, at least shall have the price of her hard earnings. She has been cheated long enough—she has been crushed into the earth, and after long years of toil and hardship, been sent home to her dry crust and cold hearth, as if she were a dog. Spirit of manhood, hast thou fled with ancient chivalry! Let us change these things—let us bestow upon woman her rights, for if we thus enslave her to subserve our own avarice, the retribution of a just God will fall heavily on our heads.

[We received the following on Thursday from a friend in Roxbury.—ED.]

'Chaplin is himself again!'

Yes, we saw him yesterday, paraded in front of Col T——'s store, Roxbury street, preaching in his original style. A large audience surrounded him, and he extemporizing the following.

'The Lord Almighty don't flatter ye! Hear the round rolling thunder, do you call that flattery? No, my Christian friends, 'tis his heavenly disposition. Yes, for the reconsideration of Scriptures—and heavenly antipathies for the bountiful fruit—rually—top and bottom for security—no disposition for dovetailing.' Then addressing the young man who told him he had better go out of the store. 'Lord love ye, ye turned me out of the store on consignment, and stole my bundle for security—rually—for God sake—I am the military ch'ef-principal commander of the Rhode Island Artillery and 'litia in general. Amen—for God sake.'

Then off he started in all his glory, whistling, in his peculiar shrill whistle, the good old tune of 'Yankee doodle.'

[It will be remembered that we killed off Chaplin some months ago, and cut him up in the hospital on the authority of a medical man, who must have mistaken some loafer for the immortal Chaplin. The above address is no mistake—Chaplin only could have pronounced it. We welcome his cap and feather.—ED.]

In speaking of the unfortunate wife of Mr Rathbun, the Philadelphia Ledger very appropriately remarks:—'How often is it that the wages of sin fall upon the weak and helpless and their consequences are borne by those who had no agency in the commission.' When we see these things how can we doubt that 'there is another and a better world,' when those who have 'had their evil things in this world shall have their good things.' To doubt it would be to impeach the justice of Deity.

ONE JOHN MILTON. A watch formerly owned by one John Milton, a poet, author of Paradise lost, is on hand in England. The joke of it is that the watch was sent from America to an indigent relative, who sold it to a watchmaker for 2s9d. When the watchmaker came to burnish it up for sale, he discovered the following inscription on it, 'Johannes Milton, 1661.' Like the poems of the immortal bard, it sold for a trifle; but the proprietors of the British Museum are now anxious to obtain it at a high rate.

Is there anything wonderful in that, Mr Ledger? If you know anything of surgery—and we presume you know almost anything that anybody else does—you must know that it does not take long to heal a broken limb, unless it be a limb of the law—for him there is no cure. By the by, Mr Philadelphia, excuse us for calling you by your Christian name, why did you not credit your anecdote about spending evenings alone, to *us*?

HOW REMARKABLE—AND IMPORTANT! The following paragraph is going the rounds of the papers—'Robert Furlong, the person who proved an alibi on the part of Richard P. Robinson, on the trial of the latter for the murder of Ellen Jewett, has become a bankrupt, and his property has been sold at auction by order of the Sheriff.'

IF YOU HAVE TEARS PREPARE TO SHED THEM!! From seed raised by the Shakers, *Mr Thomas Franks*, Union Co, raised two onions, one of which measured fifteen and a half inches in girth—the other measured thirteen inches, and weighed thirteen and a half ounces.

STOCKING SAFES. A woman in New York put [illegible] a hundred dollars into her stocking, for safe keeping, when she went to bed. The stocking was secured at the top by a strong garter; but the money and two colored ladies were missing in the morning. They were undoubtedly professors of the *black art*.

VERY APPROPRIATE.—Among the other wonders exhibited at the Fair of the American Institute, the New York Express mentions '*John Frost's graining Marble and painting on Glass*.' The time is very nearly arrived when we shall see much of this gentleman's painting on glass.

MODESTY MEN! Bangor Editors.
MEN OF VERACITY!! Bangor Editors.
GENTLEMEN!!! Bangor Editors.
SCHOLARS!!!! Bangor Editors.

The New Era says the Ledger is *one* of the best papers in the country. Saving your reverence, isn't it the very best, Mr Era? The Ledger's exposures of John Williams, the oculist and quack are enough to give it a good name.

THE SEA, THE SEA, THE OPEN SEA. The mutilated body of a sailor was thrown up by the waves, on Governor's Island, New York. I. N. R. G. were pricked on his arm together with male and female figures bearing the American flag.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.—Three bears have been taken in a trap on the farm of Mr Berry, of Exeter, Me. Mr B. has taken eight or nine this season, and has lost the same number of sheep.

The Drug store of Hoadley, Phelps & Co, in Water street New York, was set on fire by the bursting of a demijohn containing ether. The flames were extinguished without material injury.

HANGERS ON. The Louisville Journal says that President Jackson dresses in a roundabout, at the hermitage, and asks what Van Buren will do when he can no longer hang to Jackson's coat tail.

Mr Dinneford, the lessee of the Franklin Theatre, has obtained a lease of twenty-one years of the ground on which the Bowery Theatre stood. Hamblin will sail immediately for England on business connected with the Theatre which Mr D. intends to build.

A LONG YARN. It is stated in an English publication that a bale of Demarara cotton may be spun into a thread 240,000 miles in length—long enough to reach from the earth to the moon.

CARRYALL.—The steamboat Huntsville arrived at New Orleans the 29th September from Bayou Sarah, with [illegible] thousand bales of Cotton—new crop.

The New York Express says—'The deaths in New York last week numbered 161, about —— of whom were foreigners.'

A sheriff found a criminal of whom he was in pursuit, in the centre of a hollow tree. 'Ay,' said the sheriff, 'I thought this old tree contained the pith of the matter.'

☞A truckman by the name of McCarey was run over in Portland, on Monday evening by his own truck, and severely wounded.

GEESE! YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED! Thursday, the first day of December, is appointed for the day of Thanksgiving in Maine.

A female child, four weeks old, was found in the [illegible] of 216 Houston street, N. Y. She was taken to the Alms House, and named Mary Houston.

THEATRICAL.—Lord Byron's drama of Manfred, with new scenery, &c., was performed in New York at Mrs [illegible]'s benefit.

The Philadelphia papers report several cases of shipwreck and loss of life. It has been a bad time for coasters and others on our seaboard.

DISTRESSING.—The last New York Sun gives an account of the *burning to death* of four children, by their clothes taking fire.

The Brig Carroll sailed from Baltimore for New Orleans on the 16th inst, having on board one hundred Texas [illegible] boys.

Mrs Randolph, wife of the late Governor Randolph, the only daughter of Thomas Jefferson, is dead.

Letters from the Sandwich Islands to April 28th, say that the Missionary families were in good health.

A woman who had apparently fallen over a cliff, was found dead at Yorkville on Thursday.

☞Pay your debts before you make contributions.

LATER FROM EUROPE. By the ship Normandie, Capt. Pell, Paris papers to Sept 16th, and Havre to the 18th, have been received.

M. Mole, the French Prime Minister, was confined to his bed by a bilious attack.

Advices from Madrid to the 6th September, four days later than before received, represent the state of that capital, and in fact, of all Spain, as wretched in the extreme. It would not be strange if Don Carlos should winter in Madrid.

The tragic poet, Raimond, lately committed suicide at Vienna, under the influence of the idea that he was destined to be drowned.

FROM TEXAS. Col C. P. Greene, of the Texas army, passenger by the Independence, who arrived yesterday from Velasco, Texas, reports to within the day before sailing an express arrived, official, from Gen Rusk, at head quarters of the army, stating that Captains Cottner and Teal, the commissioners who had been detained and imprisoned in Monterey, had just arrived in camp, making their escape from close imprisonment. They state the Mexican forces to be at that time, the 6th of last month, 7000—that Gen Bravo had been appointed to the chief command of the army, and Gen Valencia second; that Bravo was to have taken up his march with large reinforcements for Monterey, and that the re-invasion of Texas would soon after commence. Col Greene left the Texan army in good health and spirit, upon La Bana river. Gen Rusk had just recovered from severe illness. Gen Greene and F. Simpson were both in good health.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

The New Orleans Bee relates the suicide of Mr Theophile Bocque of that city. He was a gentleman very much esteemed. Mr Bocque, on one occasion, defended his country from the humiliating and insulting aspersions of a French officer. The question turned upon President Jackson and the Americans, when this officer made the most insulting reflections upon our government. Mr Bocque was so indignant that he arose and threw a tumbler at the head of the slanderer. A duel, o. course, followed, when Mr B. received the fire of his antagonist, and discharged his pistol in the air. It is too frequently the case that the most estimable persons, who are calculated to adorn and dignify society, take French leaves of this sublunary sphere; while the base and worthless live on, and make misery and infamy for their fellow-creatures.

UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.—An out-at-the-elbow votary of the muses called on the editors of the New York Transcript to obtain the situation of editor. From the following effusion which he exhibited as a specimen of his ability, we presume that he is a Jackson-man—

Andrew Jackson, President of the U. S.

'The Hero of the sole
Who for his country many hour did tole
& When five months have Roll'd around,
We will find this hero on the ground
With Plow and drag, with spade and hoe
The Corn he'll plant, The Wheat he'll Sow
& when time to him no more is given
His Country Praise will waft his soul to Heaven.

CLOSE REASONING.—The Evening Star, one of the best, perhaps *the* best paper in the Union, says that these are certain Canadian papers—we are much at a loss to tell which, (!) that speak of the instability of a republican form of government, and the imbecility attendant on an administration which is not backed by a standing army and lille guards. The history of murders, riots, and other outbreakings and lawless proceedings, is enlarged upon by those near neighbors. Then the Star quotes, by way of balancing accounts, the following, from a Quebec paper;—

'Highway robbery, murder, arson, house breaking and theft are succeeding each other rapidly in Quebec.'

LITERARY. The following is about as unique a specimen of the march of mind as we remember ever to have seen. It is a literal transcript of an excuse for non-attendance, presented to one of our grammar masters by a pupil of his.

tooesdy oktobur 11st.

mister sir they haun skool
plas too ekshoos e f
—— Forr beeng stain
att hoom. On fryde artnoone
soe thatt they condot hom
too scule allsoe.
yours troole, tomm ——

We suppress the name to spare the blushes of the writer.

A DELICATE SITUATION.—A little female thief in London was lately taken up for offering for sale a pair of silk stockings. A crowd was attracted around her, and amongst the number was a young lady of sixteen, who from curiosity was led to see what crime so young a child (the prisoner not being more than 12) could have committed. Pressed by interrogatories to tell where she got the stockings, she pointed to the young lady, and said she gave them to her, and promised her sixpence for selling them. The young lady was immediately taken into custody, whilst the little vixen persisted in her story, and all the declarations of innocence on the part of the young Miss were without avail. It afterwards appeared that she was of a respectable family, and of exemplary character, and the little wretch confessed that she made the charge without any truth.

THE LATE MRS HEMANS.—As a child Mrs Hemans was an object almost of devotion, for her extreme beauty; her complexion was remarkably brilliant; her hair long, curling, and golden. In the latter years of her life its hue deepened into brown, but it remained silken and profuse, and wavy, to the last. She was one of those, too, who may be said to be born and nurtured in the midst of prophecies.—Who can tell how little or how much impression passing words, carelessly spoken, may make upon so sensitive? One lady incautiously observed in her hearing, 'That child is not made for happiness, I know; her color comes and goes too fast.' She never forgot this remark, and would mention it as having caused her much pain at the time when it was spoken.

Bass bought some article of clothing of a dealer, which proved none of the best. He spoke to the tradesman about it, who said in reply, that a bad garment was better than none. Shortly after, the same man complained to Bass of bad health. 'Well,' said the wag, 'bad health is better than none.'

NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1836.

PRIZES!

The decision upon the articles written for the prizes, offered by the Publishers of the Galaxy is postponed until the FIRST OF JANUARY NEXT, when all articles will be submitted to a committee without fail.

The Publishers therefore continue their offer of

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

for the best tale,

TWENTY FIVE!

for the second best; and

TWENTY FIVE!

for the best Poem; articles to be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to the Publishers, with the name of the author, in a sealed envelope. The seal of the successful only will be opened.

Unsuccessful authors will be entitled to the Galaxy without charge for one year provided their articles are deemed worthy of insertion.

We have, as will be seen above, resolved the difficulty respecting our prizes, by extending the time for the reception of articles to January next, when a final decision will be made. It is hoped that in the meantime a sufficient number of tales and poems will be sent, to render the matter satisfactory to all. But however that may be, the articles with which we are favored will be put into the hands of a proper committee.

We promised when we stated the grounds of our hesitation to *close the polls* after the month of September, not to arrive at any conclusion which would give any just ground for complaint. Notwithstanding, several presses in the country, eager to find cause to decry a cotemporary, declared us to be false to justice, and maligned our honesty in no measured terms. We chose to let them rail on, rather than to descend to their level by answering their unwarrantable charges; knowing that the conclusion which we should arrive at, as it would be conceived on honesty, would carry an answer with it.

We invite authors in the country to compete for the generous sums which have been offered. We assure them that with the strictest impartiality, the Publishers will abide by the decision of a responsible committee, and that the committee will be instructed to award the Prizes only to those whose exertions have rendered them worthy, by the superiority of their results. There need not then, be any hesitation from the fear of deceit. The Polls are again open.

A gentleman in search of his friend's wife to whom he was directed to carry a letter, encountered in the village where she resided a little girl whose countenance strongly resembled a portrait of the lady whom he sought. He accordingly asked the child her name. She did not reply. He then requested her to point him out her mother. She did so by turning her eyes very naturally upon the good woman. He then went forward and saluted the lady. At receiving the letter, she inquired how he found her out. "Why madam" said he—"I knew the tree by its fruit."

"Is she fresh always best?" inquired a lady of her husband, the other day. "Certainly, my dear." "Then," said she, "Love must be a crime, since there was no woman who ever loved, that did not think the man of her heart superior to every body else."

WAR IN EUROPE. When the Boston Galaxy first published sentiments into its columns, indicative of rather more gaiety of heart than is consistent even with an 'assured mediocrity,' it might greatly its ignorant readers, like 'Solomon,' would it condescend also to announce the sources of said buoyancies. We now refer to a surgical article, the original or stolen, which is placed on the fourth page of that journal for Saturday last, and is entitled 'Tetanus.' In despite of the Galaxy's profound impartiality, we have reason to suspect that through some Vauhesen worm is wriggling its fevers.

The New Bedford Mercury thus discourses upon an original article on the fourth page of our last weeks emission, entitled 'Liberty.' The intuitive to the composition of that article was the knowledge conveyed to us by the newspapers, that some of the adherents of Gen. Harrison in Philadelphia, had unfastened the horses from his carriage when he visited that city, and made themselves the beasts to draw him—and that as they tugged and sweated under their voluntary disgrace, they threw their caps in the air, and cheered for their Hero.

We called no names—we made no references; we called to our aid no party views. We only announced the fact, that in this republican land such a deed had been done.—Our motive was honest, independent indignation—that in a country professing Liberty, in the UNITED STATES, a mark of grovelling adulation could be indulged in, more debasing than which the Roman cars could not practice, who bowed themselves in the dust when their steel clad heroes rode over their prostrate bodies into power.

And yet we cannot escape anathema. We are charged with being secretly endeavoring to support the claims of Van Buren. There is no little honesty stirring, that the more honest an action may be, the more it is suspected.—The ranks of the Editorial corps are so generally pledged to party, that a sentiment of wonder springs in the bosom at the appearance of true independence—and some hidden and unworthy motive is supposed to be concealed beneath the profession of candor—some thorn beneath the rose.

Had the Lynx-eyed Mercury which, with laudable cunning and piercing acrutiny, has discovered that we are the secret friend of Van Buren, read the Galaxy previous to the one which contained the article which has aroused his party prejudices, he would have discovered our views of the conduct of the Van Buren minority in Maryland—he would have seen that while we disapproved, in the strongest terms, the degradation of those who tugged at the wheels of Harrison's carriage, we lifted our voice in condemnation of those who would have prostrated order for party purposes, and set up the demon of anarchy as an ally of the demoniac prejudices of party—and so he read, his own pledged, and haltered soul would have shrunk and withered at the record of our honesty.

Let the party to which the Mercury belongs beware of it. 'Tis a faithless—a selfish ally. It is a print that is incapable of appreciating good motives, and thereby betrays its own depravity. It is not an honest partizan. It is not noble. Let a seal be set upon it.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES!—We hinted in one of our Literary Notices of the last week that we had something to say to the Young Ladies. We have been silent spectators of human nature for some years, and are really presumptuous enough to suppose that we can whisper a word of advice into the ears of those most knowing of all the world—the young ladies. We admit that the expected recipients of our advice are vaguely expressed. That the term "young ladies" applies to any fair damsel (it would be ungallant to speak of any as otherwise than *fair*) who are between the ages of fifteen and ——— what?—provided the soul of Hymen has not been placed upon them. We have left a dash for the latter limit, abandoning it to the imagination of the reader to decide upon it—it being doubtful whether the term "unmarried ladies" of a certain age applies to females on this or the other side of fifty. But this has nothing to do with our advice.

We admit that we are a bachelor, and that it may appear presumptuous in us to offer advice to those whom we practically despise—not fulfilling the law of nature and good manners, which requires that we should take to ourself a rib.—We beg our lady readers to remark that we say *practically despise*. Heaven forbid that we should be guilty of the injustice to allow that we contemn those whom we consider the charmers of existence. But this has nothing to do with our *advice*.

We have said that we are a bachelor—and we now repeat the assertion, that we may add thereto the remark, that the said condition of life may assist us in our proposed advice—inasmuch as having nought to do with the blooming subjects of this our remarks, we have no bias to prejudice us, no warping of our judgment, no confusion of our brain, or halting between gallantry and truth. We feel inclined to make some suggestions respecting the light in which bachelors should be considered, and make some explanations of the reasons why so many of the 'lords of creation' waste their existence in the anti-connubial state, and do not consort, as is their bounden duty, with some one of the ladies of creation—but we intermit such suggestions and explanations, as in this connexion they might be considered to be interloping excrescences—having nothing to do with our *advice*.

We have not, we believe, stated what this advice is—but as when we deliver it, it will surely explain itself, we will enter at once upon the subject matter.

There is nothing in this world so important—we say without exception, *nothing*—as the choosing a partner for life. Let Reflection once bend her vigorous energies to the contemplation of the consequences of such a choice, and the vivid reality will startle those, who have but skimmed the surface of thought in regard to it. What does not one peril in the selection? All—hope, ambition, comfort, happiness—the health of the body and the health of the soul. Is it one in a thousand, reader, that thy calm reason will tell thee thou are willing to endow with the power to make thee happy or miserable? One in a thousand or ten thousand, who could understand thy nature, excuse its faults, and appreciate its excellencies? one whom thou not willing to make thy comforter, thy companion, thy guide? No—says thy shrinking soul—No.

And yet how madly do the young rush into these engagements which are to fetter them as with a chain of roses or of iron. What slight attractions will give birth to Love, that rages, in unpardonable blindness, until the irrevocable vow of fidelity is exchanged before the altar, and then, when fate admits not of a return, the victim of propelling and unreflecting passion must wear out a life in constant pain! A bright and laughing eye, a fascinating smile, a sprightly fancy, even a pretty foot, on the one side, or a manly form, an oily tongue that can discourse sweet flattery, a reckless independence, on the other, will chain the feelings and conduct the possessor to ruin. Fancy cannot add to the dark shades of a harrowing picture, for they been the blackness of death already. On what misery, constant, agonizing misery is there in the world, the consequence of hasty marriages! The world see it not, for pride spreads a veil over its deformity. The laughing eye, and the forced smile hide it, while it feeds upon the heart. Even the sufferers often will not acknowledge it to themselves, and fancy they are as happy as they hoped to be—that Fate has spread their path with roses—but at times the uneasy fallacy is broken, the truth will force itself upon the mind, and misery usurps the throne!

Upon our word we have made quite a preliminary dissertation without arriving at our advice. For fear of fatiguing, we must postpone what we intended to write about until the coming week.

GREAT NATIONAL WORK.—It is well known to most of our readers that a large and splendidly executed work illustrative of the Aboriginal inhabitants of this continent, has long been in preparation at Philadelphia. It is now in such a state of forwardness as to warrant its enterprising publisher in asking that public patronage so essential to the success of so heavy an undertaking.—It is needless to enlarge on the importance of preserving the annals and most authentic representations of the North American Indians. The work under consideration, proposes this great end. It embodies biographies prepared by Judge Hall and Governor Cass. It is issued in numbers—the first to be ready for delivery before the close of the year—at $3 each. Mr Fuller, the agent for the sale of the work is now in this city,—

OLD AGE.—There is, perhaps, no surer mark of an advanced state of feeling in a community, than respect paid to old age. It is not always the mark of a very refined condition of public manners; for no true politeness is by no means a necessary concomitant on a high state of refinement, we have much to look for the genuine feelings which adorn human nature in a society highly artificial. Indeed the "outside" of Fashion generally drowns by its dressing, the still small voice of Nature. Among savages, the respect paid to age is one of the most redeeming traits in their character. When if the aged man have lost the energies which once belonged to his character—when if the promise of his youth and the beauty of his manhood have given way to querulousness, imbecility, and decay? Hails still the same being whose arm once wrought for the public good, whose deep sunk tones aroused the spirit of, and encouraged the virtues of his hearers. Vitiated indeed are those who remember not what a man has done, when his course is nearly completed, and he can no longer lend our armies or thunder in our Senates. Yet even in this age, the term "imbecile old man" has been used by way of reproach! The time has been when old age was regarded as honorable—but ever there seems to be a mighty improvement in public opinion. Before a man whose name is destined to outlive his nation has yet gone to his grave, his contemporaries deal fault with his wrinkles, and ridicule his infirmities as if the steady approach of futurity did not menace them with the same charges, when they in their turn must throw off the rose of youth, the vigor of manhood, and go tottering to their open graves.

A celebrated artist of New York, has just completed a picture, which bids fair to rival the best production of the divine Raphael; the subject is the '*Mother and Child*;' the former being a portrait of that lovely model of suffering innocence, Maria Monk, the latter, a facsimile of the lovely Maria's fascinating little offspring.

It was the intention of the artist to add a third figure, and call his picture 'The Holy Family.' But it being the opinion of Col. Stone—an artist, remarkable for the truth of his pen *sketches*, that the figure selected to make up the sacred group could not be made to harmonize with the two figures already painted, the 'Holy Family' was abandoned for the '*Mother and Child*.' It is to be hoped that the Athenæum will secure the *morceau* for the next years' exhibition.

The artist is what every artist ought to be, a high minded man, as remarkable for the purity and *liberality* of his religious feeling, as for the magical power of his pencil, and *would* do honor to the chair of the National Academy.

By the way, what says the *present* occupant of the Academic chair concerning this picture? The Athenæum *sometimes buy* on his recommendation, and pay *liberally*.

THE DRAMA.

On Friday evening, Miss Graddon terminated an engagement of ten nights at the National in the Marriage of Figaro. Many extraneous circumstances contributed to excite much interest in her. The fact of her having been for a long time Prima Donna at Drury Lane, of her brilliant success as the first representative of the character of Linda in Der Freischutz, was an assurance that no ordinary powers were secured for our enjoyment. Add to this, that her character has been unsullied through all the corruptions of the London stage, and that her exertions have constantly supported her family, and her claims to the public favor were complete.

We have before spoken of her success, and of her vocal powers. We can only add, that her singing through the past week has still more elevated her in the opinion of the musical dilletanti, and given occasion for enthusiastic praise. She last sang in 'The Archer Boy,' in which she displays deep tones unsurpassed by any female vocalist who has ever visited Boston, ay, more—of so great volume of richness and sweetness, as to make the hearer wonder that they are the emanations of the human voice. They are like the deep and thrilling notes of the organ, commanding a silence that speaks its effect. Whenever she has sung it, she has been encored with a fervor rarely exhibited by Boston audiences. The same success has attended her execution of the Dashing White Sergant, to which she imparts a naivete and humor very attractive.

She has been placed under very embarrassing circumstances, not being provided with the scores of the operas in which she has performed. But assisted by the valuable musical talents of Mr. Comer, who is indefatigable in his exertions to make operas pleasant to the audiences of the Theatre where he may be located, she has been able to make some satisfactory preparation.

We hope for her speedy return to Boston. She now goes to Philadelphia, where she is engaged for a series of Concerts. Her success at the South during the last season was very flattering, and she will return during the present. We sincerely desire to see her again before her departure.

On Monday, will be performed the Tragedy of Jane Shore. Dumont by Mr. Pelby, Hastings by Mr. Smith, Allan by Mrs. Pelby, Jane Shore by Mrs. Anderson.

But why is not Mr Ayling put up in Gloster? We do not mean to impugn Mr. Adams' powers, but we supposed that Mr Ayling was engaged to fill the place of Mr Lyne, which he is assuredly competent to do, and on his second appearance we are surprised to find him out of the tragedy and put into a minor part in a farce not at all suited to his powers.

LITERARY NOTICES

THE BOSTON BOOK FOR 1837.—Light & Stearns, have with the enterprise which ever characterises them in the prosecution of their business, published the Boston Book for 1837 on a scale of beauty and neatness which reflects the highest credit upon them. The paper is good, and the binding exceedingly handsome. The typographical execution could not be surpassed.

The book is edited by B. B. Thatcher, Esq. From its necessarily miscellaneous character, it must be supposed that the task of selecting good specimens of the writings of our Boston Literati. But Mr Thatcher seems to have well succeeded. He has intermingled the grave with the gay, the humorous with the more solid productions, with skill and effect. Undoubtedly much value will be placed upon the volume. In no city of the United States could better materials be found for such a work. We have among us, powerful logicians and soul-stirring poets—and a spice of all the varieties of mind. The book will be sought for not only as a sample of Boston Literature, but as a casket of valuable gems in the cabinet of knowledge.

MIDSHIPMAN EASY.—Boston—Marsh, Capen & Lyon. This novel by Maryatt, has been got up in a superior manner by this firm. We like the tale much—what we have read of it—which is the greater portion of the first volume. There is much good humour, considerable wit, and more refinement than Marryatt usually introduces. It has been for some time before the public, and has sold well.

LIVES OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU COUNT OXENSTEIRN AND CARDINAL MAZARIN, by G. P. R. James; Phil. Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The reputation of Mr. James as a novelist heralded his fame as a historian. He has delighted the public already in this branch Literature, and the success of the former effort is a pledge of the excellencies of the present. We have not had time to peruse the volumes.

SKETCHES OF SWITZERLAND—by Cooper; Philad. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.—When the first part of these appeared, we praised them—although they underwent much severity of criticism. We allow Cooper's faults—especially the grand mistake of his late years, of running into the arena of politics, and giving to his volumes a political fear-

NATIONAL THEATRE.

Mr Pelby's Historical Tragedy of JANE SHORE.
MR PELBY as DUMONT.

On MONDAY EVENING, Oct 24, 1836,
Will be performed the celebrated Tragedy called

JANE SHORE!

Gloster, ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; Mr PELBY
Hastings, ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; Mr W H Smith
Jane Shore, ; ; ; ; ; ; ; Mrs Anderson
Alicia, ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; ; Mrs Pelby.

After which
The Irish Song (in character) of Paddy Carey, by Mr Wills.
Sailor's Hornpipe by Miss Fox.
To conclude with (1st time) the new Farce of
MAKE YOUR WILLS!
OR, THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.
Sagacious Plotter Mr Ayling | Joseph Brag ; Mr Jones.

Prices: Boxes 75 cts; Third Tier 50; Pit 37 1-2; Gallery 25.
☞Doors open 1-4 after 6; Performances commence at 1-4 before 7

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned (late Manager) under the painful necessity of appealing to the public against the wanton and unprovoked attacks of *ROYAL C. PORTER*, of the American Traveller, and he hereby declares that ALL the statements made by that individual in relation to the financial affairs or general behavior of the Nationals (late Warren) Theatre, are entirely *FALSE*. His criticisms on the stage performances are beneath the notice of the public or of WM. PELBY.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

THE Members of the Handel and Haydn Society, are notified to meet at their Hall on SUNDAY EVENING, 23d inst, at 6 o'clock precisely, for rehearsal of the Oratorio of David, with the Orchestra.

☞A general and punctual attendance is requested.

C. H——g J. HILL BELCHER, Sec'ry.

NEW BOOKS

FOR sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133 Washington street.

The Silk Raiser's Manual; or the art of raising and feeding Silk Worms, and of cultivating the Mulberry tree. By M. Morin, agent of several learned Societies. Translated from the French.

An Introduction to Phrenology, in the form of questions and answers, with an appendix and copious illustrative notes. By Robert Macnish, author of 'Anatomy of Drunkenness,' 'Philosophy of Sleep,' &c.

The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for 1837.

Notices of Florida and the Campaigns. By M. M. Cohen, (an officer of the left wing.)

The Religious Creeds and Statistics of every Christian Denomination in the United States and British Provinces, with some account of the religious sentiments of the Jews, American Indians, Deists, Mahometans, &c.—alphabetically arranged. By John Hayward.

Testimony of God against Slavery. By Rev La Roy Sunderland.

'Every Man his own Physician;' or The Vegetable Family Physician—containing a description of the Roots and Herbs common to this country, with their medicinal properties and uses; also, directions for the treatment of diseases incident to human nature, by vegetable alone, embracing many valuable Indian Recipes. By Wm A. Hall.

The American Biography, Vol 6; containing Lives of Wm Pinkney, Wm Eltery and Cotton Mather.

Memoir of Rev Edward L'Pagen, D.D., late of Portland, Me. By Rev Asa Cummings. c22

BILLINGS AND HOLDEN'S COLLECTION.

SUBSCRIBERS are informed that the above Work is now ready for delivery, in different kinds of binding, at the Bookstore of the publishers,

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
c22 4w 133 Washington-st.

THE BOSTON BOOK.

EDITED by B. B. Thatcher. For sale by
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
c22 133 Washington-st.

WRITING.

MR. BADGER acknowledges with gratitude the very liberal patronage he has received the year past, and is now receiving, and he is confident that not one of the hundreds that have been under his instruction, but will give a favorable report of his SYSTEM. A separate room is furnished for Ladies, and Classes are in session in the forenoon from 8 to 10; in the afternoon from 12 to 2, and from 3 to 5; and in the evening from 6 to 9 o'clock.

☞Mr B. will be willing to qualify a few young Gentlemen to teach his system of SCIENTIFIC PENMANSHIP AND PENMAKING.

Rooms Nos 95 & 96 Joy's Building, Washington street.
o11 tf

KENNETT'S STRENGTHENING PLASTER,

FOR pain in the back, side and all sections of the liver. In consequence of numerous applications for this plaster, the proprietor has been induced to place it before the public, that its wonderful virtues may be tested by a fair trial, feeling confident that it will prove eminently successful. For sale at G. S. JONES'S Apothecary and Druggist store, No 43 Mount Vernon street, also at 86 Tremont street. Price 37½ cents.
o20 op3m

PRINTING PRESSES

A GENERAL assortment of Taft's and other Presses, new and second hand, and of all prices and sizes, may be found on application to the Boston Type and Stereotype Foundry, 39 Congress street. Orders for the above or other Printing Materials, addressed to the Agent, J. G. ROGERS, will receive prompt attention.

The Foundry have the Agency of Prout's famous PRINTING INK, and are constantly supplied with all qualities and colors, from 30c to $2,50 per lb. 2m o20

IMPORTANT TO THE AFFLICTED.

DR. HERBERT, Member of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, may be consulted on all diseases incident to the human frame. Patients who are incapable from infirmity of attending personally upon Dr H. can by sending a particular statement of their case, be told whether they are curable or not.

'Medicine without principles is an humble Art, and a degrading occupation.'

DR HERBERT having arrived in America for the purpose of taking a tour through it, and seeing every place he visited so many invalids laboring under different complaints, and so many who have ruined their constitutions by applying to advertised nostrums, respectfully informs the citizens that he has returned to the city of Boston, and intends remaining for the purpose of rendering his services to the afflicted.

Dr H. may be consulted at his apartments, No 276 Washington street, a few doors West of Avon Place, from 10 in the morning till 8 in the evening. The Doctor wishes every person who may need his advice, to make immediate application.

The advantages the Dr has possessed of acquiring a knowledge of different diseases, have been far greater than generally falls to the lot of any individual. From his peculiar mode of treatment, his professional celebrity has been established; and since his arrival in America, gratitude arising from a thousand hearts is and has been a sweet enjoyment.

Report of patients relieved and cured by Dr Herbert since his arrival in the United States: Abscess 14; Asthma (periodical, constitutional and spasmodic) 59; Blindness, from various causes, 18; Dropsy in its complicated stages 48; Piles 44; Fistula without curing 34; Nervous Disease 120; Piles 38; Rheumatism 60; Stone and Gravel 30; Bilious Disorders 37; Cancer and White Swelling 48; Consumption 70; Deafness 34; Diseases of Infants 48; Giddiness 47; Gout 32; Headach from various causes 55; King's Evil 96; Liver Complaints 31; Lumbago 38; Scurvey 48; Gravel 85; Ulcerated Sore Legs 60; Worms 65; Paralytic Stroke 36; Ague 60. 1m o20

DR. S. C. HERWETT, BONE-SETTER,

WOULD respectfully inform the public that his profession extends to general diseases of the limbs. During 12 years practice in Boston, he has had the satisfaction of CURING Scrofula White Swellings 233; White Swellings from injuries, Rheumatism and Dropsy on the Knee 419; Hip Diseases 397; Tic doloreaux and Sizzle affections, &c 341; Dislocations, Fractures, Sprains, Swellings and Inflammations 3068; Natural and Contracted Deformities 583; Curvatures of the Spine 61, he had four severe attacks of bilious fever, a being from exposure to the vicissitudes of a southern climate, while engaged in extensive professional pursuits, I have never taken one particle of Mercury in any form, and still enjoy sound health. Having, subsequently, frequent occasions to prescribe for cases of a similar character, but under a great variety of modifications, the Pills came into very common use in my Practice; and as the afflicted are usually desirous of one of their complaints and their remedies, each has contributed to extend the reputation and use of the Pills, till at length the demand for them greatly exceeds my leisure to supply. With regard to your request for certificates of their efficacy, I could furnish more than you would be willing to publish, from persons of both sexes, and among the most intelligent in the State; but I think it very idle, as they are seldom of any value beyond the immediate circle of the writer's acquaintance. I will, however, give you two which were sent me by Physicians whose integrity and professional respectability are sufficiently established. Beyond this, the Pills must rest upon their own intrinsic value. I am personally unwearied in their composition, and for their applicability to the cases in which they are recommended. *They contain no Mercury*, or any other article which may be purely vegetable. To prevent that they are an *infallible* remedy in every state of disease for which they are recommended, would be nonsense; but that they have been proved to be more generally and extensively safe and useful than any other article of the sort with which I am acquainted, I confidently assert from ample experience. They have for many years been the established domestic medicine in many families in different sections of this State, as well as in my own.

'Yours, &c.

'JOHN BECKWITH, M. D.'

From the Rt. Rev Levi S. Ives, D. D., Bishop of N. Carolina.

'*Raleigh, March 9, 1835.*

'Having for the last three years, been intimately acquainted with Dr John Beckwith, of this city, and enjoyed his professional services, I take pleasure in stating that his character as a Christian gentleman and experienced Physician, entitles his testimony in regard to the use of his Anti-dyspeptic Pills, to the entire confidence of the public. My experience of the good effects of these Pills, for two years past, entitles me of their eminent value, particularly in aiding an impaired digestion and warding off bilious attacks. Having been for a long time subject to the annual recurrence of such attacks, I was in the habit of resorting for security against them, and with very partial success, to a liberal use of Calomel or Blue Pill. But since my acquaintance with the Anti-dyspeptic Pill of Dr Beckwith, which he prescribed in the first instance himself, I have not been under the necessity of using Mercury in any form, besides being wholly exempt from bilious attacks. Several members of my family are experiencing the same beneficial effects.

'L. S. IVES.'

For sale, wholesale and retail, at the Bookstore of
B. B. MUSSEY,
o18 29 Cornhill.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

DR. KING continues to prepare and affix to buildings his improved Lightning Conductors—they are approved by all practical Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old round form. Numbers of scientific gentlemen in Boston and its vicinity, have had them affixed by him to their mansions and other buildings, among them he will name those of President Quincy, Professors Webster and Popkin, of Harvard University, and Gov Lincoln, of Worcester. They are likewise highly recommended by Professor Silliman in his much esteemed lectures on Chemistry, lately delivered in Boston. Gentlemen intending to have Conductors are invited to his rooms No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may see the superior effect, of his rods illustrated. He continues to manufacture and has on hand large Plate Electrical Machines of superior powers, also Cylinders, large and small Galvanic Batteries, Electrometers and other philosophical apparatus—warranted of the best workmanship. He lately constructed for Professor Silliman the largest Galvanic Deflagator ever made. Gentlemen arriving in Boston to purchase such articles, would do well to call before they buy this price will be accommodating for cash or approved credit.

N. B.—Dr King is not in partnership with any one.
jy 15 6m

SALES BY AUCTION.

By J. M. ALLEN, Office corner of Milk and Congress-st.

Household Furniture.
On MONDAY next, at 10 o'clock,
At No 12 Mount Vernon street,
Part of the Furniture of a person breaking up housekeeping, consisting of Carpets, Couch, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, Beds, Looking-glasses, Kitchen furniture, &c.
Also, a Jamie's Patent Cooking Stove, with apparatus complete, nearly new; 6 Lehigh Stoves and Funnel.
Articles of good Furniture may be added on application to the Auctioneer.

Holiday Presents—German Toys, Violins, &c.
On TUESDAY next, at 10 o'clock, at office,
An entire invoice of German Goods, consisting of boxes bureaus, nicepins, villages, fairs, counting-houses, money cribs, cups and saucers, furniture, ornaments, assorted trademarks, soldiers, Noah's ark, &c.
Also, 1 case 96 Violins and Bows.
Also, 72 gross cedar and red wood Lead Pencils, various casts; 10 gross Beads; dozens Looking-glasses; 20 dozen Paint Boxes, &c. &c.
☞The above are worthy the attention of dealers, to complete their supplies for the ensuing holidays.

Upholsterers' Trimmings.
At 12 o'clock.—41 dozen gilt Curtain Ornaments, 11 different patterns; 8 do do for Beds, 12 do do; 4 do do Arms, 4 do do. Catalogues at sale.

Blank Books, Stationery, &c. by Catalogue.
On THURSDAY next, at 10 o'clock, at office,
A prime invoice of Stationary, Blank Books, &c.
Catalogues may be had the day previous to sale.

At private sale—
A few cases (of 1 doz each) of very choice Madeira Wine, from the House of Gordon, Duff & Co, imported in 1833.
Also 500 lbs. superior Ceylon Coffee. The most respectables references can be given as to the perfect purity of the Wine. Samples and prices may be had on application over the Auction Room.

ROCHERY—IMPORTANT CAUTION.

DR. BRANDRETH'S Vegetable Universal Pills having gained great notoriety by the cures they have performed, unprincipled venders of medicine, finding there is a great call for them in consequence, have had the audacity to ponon the medicine. Now be it known to all men; that Dr. Brandreth's Genuine Vegetable Universal Pills can never be obtained of any vender of medicine, whether druggist or doctor, as neither are allowed to sell the Genuine Brandreth's Vegetable Pills, under any circumstances whatever. ☞Be very careful all ye that want the genuine; and observe, ever when you purchase of the advertised agents, that Dr Brandreth's name is signed on yellow paper which completes envelopes the box.
[From the N. Y. Sun.]

A SHAMEFUL PROCEDURE.—We understand that Dr Brandreth's Pills are counterfeited by a man residing in the vicinity of Pelham Market. That any one can be so base who pretends to anything like respectability, is beyond our comprehension; however, we have seen the counterfeit, which is sold by many druggists who profess to be respectable. But we should like to know the difference between the moral guilt of the counterfeiter of a highly popular medicine, which has gained its reputation by its goodness, and he who counterfeits the circulating medium. They both are equally guilty, and both commit their crime for the same purpose, namely, to benefit themselves at the expense of others. ☞Mark! No chemist nor doctor has the genuine medicine for sale.

For sale wholesale and retail at the Bookstore of B. B. MUSSEY, 29 Cornhill, Boston. Sold by Iven & Jewett, Salem; S. H. Colesworthy, Portland; M. D. Phillips & Co, Worcester; Simon Rodenburgh, Charlestown.

N. B.—The Genuine article can be had only at the Bookstore of B. B. MUSSEY, 29 Cornhill, Boston.
s24 tf

DAILY LINE OF STAGES RUN FROM BOSTON TO SARATOGA SPRINGS, VIZ.:

Fitchburg, Keene, Bellows Fall, Arlington, in two days and a half from Boston, Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Also, by way of Chester and Manchester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Also, Boston, Lancaster and Fitchburg Accommodation Stages, leave No 11 Elm street, every day, (Sunday excepted) at 8 o'clock, A. M.

Passengers who wish to take the stage for any of the above places, can take the 8 o'clock, A. M. and stop at Fitchburg until the next day at 12 o'clock, at noon, and then take any of the above Lines of Stages for the Springs—Keene or Brattleboro', Greenfield or Albany.

Extra Coaches for nine seats furnished at any hour for any of the above lines at Boston.

Office at No 11 Elm street, Boston.
CHARLES FIELD, Agent.

Stage leaves Wildes' General Stage Office, No 11 Elm street, daily, for Fitchburg, Keene and Bastington, Vt. Also, Brattleboro' and Albany. Also, Greenfield and Albany.
a26 3m* CHARLES FIELD, Agent.

WARREN HOUSE,

CORNER OF MERRIMACK AND FRIEND STREETS.

THIS establishment having now gone through extensive and thorough repairs and additions, will compare with any other public house of its size. It has been furnished from top to bottom with new furniture, bedding, carpetting, &c. and is now open for the accommodation of travellers.

It is the intention to conduct the House after the mode of the most approved public houses, and every effort will be made personally, and by well tried assistants, to please his former custom and those who may visit the Warren House for the first time.

Extensive stables, with pure water, are attached to the establishment. AZARIAH PROCTOR,
j 29 3m

BECKWITH'S ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.

THE Anti-Dyspeptic Pills have been most successfully employed in almost every variety of functional disorder of the Stomach, Bowels, Liver and Spleen; such as heartburn, acid eructations, nausea, headache, pain and distention of the Stomach and bowels, incipient Diarrhœa, Colic, Jaundice, Flatulence, habitual costiveness, loss of appetite, sick headache, *sea-sickness*, &c, &c. They are a safe and comfortable Aperient for females during pregnancy and subsequent to confinement, relieving sickness at the stomach, headache, heartburn and many of the incidental nervous affections. Literary men, students and most other persons of sedentary habits, find them very convenient. Those who indulge too freely in the pleasures of the Table find speedy relief from the sense of oppression and distention which follow, by taking the Pills. As a disease for which they are invaluable. Those who drink the mineral waters and particularly those from southern climates and ague and fever districts, will find them a valuable adjunct. Those who are exposed to the vicissitudes of weather, on voyages or journeys, can take them at all times with perfect safety. In full doses they are a highly efficacious and safe Anti-bilious Medicine. They seldom or never produce sickness at the stomach or griping.

The following history of the PILLS, and evidence of their efficacy, has been furnished me by Dr B —

'DEAR SIR: More than twenty years ago, I had resided several years in one of the principal towns in the low country in this State, employed in the practice of Physic when, in consequence of an attack of Yellow fever, succeeded by a protracted quartan ague, I was compelled to change my residence, and settled in this city. My liver and Spleen had become enlarged and their functions greatly deranged. I had frequent and obstinate attacks of Jaundice, with attendant, or perhaps consequent Dyspepsia, in many of its distressing forms. Agreeably to the usual medical treatment, different preparations of Mercury were used in conjunction with other remedies, but with the uniform effect of producing an extensive inflammation upon the surface resembling Erysipelas, and known to Physicians by the name of Mercurial Erythema. I was at length obliged to abandon its use altogether, and to tax my resources for some substitute for Mercury, under such peculiar circumstances. After much investigation and many trials, the composition of these Pills was hit upon, and answered my utmost wishes and expectations. My health was per

[From the Southern Literary Messenger.]

THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL.

BY JAMES PAULDING.

Drink, drink, to whom shall we drink?
A friend or a mistress? Come let me think.
To those who are absent, or those who are here?
To the dead that we loved, or the living still dear?
Alas, when I look, I find none of the last,
The present is barren, let's drink to the past.

Come, here's to the girl with the voice sweet and low,
The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow,
Who erewhile in the days of my youth, that are fled,
Once slept on my bosom and pillow'd my head;
Would you know where to find such a delicate prize,
Go seek in yon church-yard, for there she lies.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of my youth,
With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth,
Who travell'd with me in the sunshine of life,
And stuck to my side in its sorrow and strife;
Would you know where to find a blessing so rare?
Go drag the lone sea, you may find him there.

And here's to a brace of twin cherubs of mine,
With hearts like their mother's, as pure as this wine,
Who came but to see the first act of the play,
Grew tired of the scene, and so both went away,
Would you know where this brace of bright cherubs have hied?
Go seek them in heaven, for there they abide.

A bumper, my boys, to a grey-headed pair,
Who watched o'er my childhood with tenderest care,
God bless them and keep them, and may they look down,
On the head of their son, without tear, sigh or frown;
Would you know whom I drink to—go seek midst the dead,
You will find both their names on the stone at their head.

And here's—but alas, the good wine is no more,
The bottle is emptied of all its bright store,
Like those who have tasted, its spirit has fled,
And nothing is left of the light that it shed,
Then a bumper of tears, boys, the banquet here ends,
With a health to our dead, since we've no living friends.

[From the Knickerbocker for September.]

THE BREEZE IN THE DESERT.

BY MRS MARY ANN BROWNE.

There came a soft, low sound,
A gentle breathing like a distant lute;
And a light air a moment sighed around,
And then again was mute.

'Twas laden with the breath
Of Araby's light groves and sunny flowers,
It bore the scent of many a jasmine wreath,
And of fair summer flowers.

And o'er the desert vast
Went the light murmurs of the cooling wind
And fanned the burning sands; and as it passed,
Left hope and health behind!

And to the lonely band
Of wearied travellers who wandered there,
What tidings of another, fresher land,
Bore that sweet air!

Oh! on its lightsome wing
Came the loved memory of many a spot—
The bright green pasture, and the bubbling spring
And the flower-mantled cot!

Tales of their pleasant home,
And those most dear, were whispered by the breeze,
And in its gentle murmurs seemed to come
Greetings of love, and these.

They felt the sweet wind blow,
And every breast was bared to take its part,
As if they wished its blessed truth to go
Into the very heart!

And even so, when we
Are wandering through life's barren wilderness,
When not a spot of verdure we can see,
Or aught our way to bless.

Come promises of love
And mercy, to our fainting spirits given,
Reminding us of brighter worlds above—
Breathing of hope and Heaven.

JIM CROW IN LONDON. Rice, the original "Jim Crow," has performed for some time in London, with the most decided success. At his debut, in the Surry theatre, he introduced the following lines:

How are you, massa gemmen,
And de ladies in a row.
And for to tell you war I'm from,
I'se going for to go!
For I wheel about, and turn about and do jis so,
An' ebry time I turn about I jump Jim Crow!

'Twas way down in 'Old Wargimy,'
About thirty years ago,
Dat dis han'some picaninny
'Gan to jump Jim Crow!
So I turn about, &c.

'Twas wid old massa Jackson,
In the State of Tennessee,
Dat I fust larn de rudimens
Ob trabbling joggrafee.
When I turn about, &c.

And in de hurry scurry
Ob dis inner worl' below,
I tot I'd come to Surrey,
And jump Jim Crow.
So I turn about, &c.

Mr Wills as Billy Barlow gets more and more applause every night. Billy is the personification of ragged laziness, which may be gathered from the following verses—

They offered me a situation on Long Wharf tother day,
But I didn't take it, I thought it wouldn't pay—
They wanted me to stand up for a post do you know,
And fasten a schooner to Billy Barlow.
Oh dear—raggeddy he!
And fasten, &c.

I've been thinking I'd take a voyage in a balloon,
And pay my respects to the man in the moon;
But I'm puzzled about it—for I don't know
Whether there's gas enough in Boston to raise Billy Barlow.

MISCELLANY.

The following article is from the Bangor Advertiser. We copy it entire to escape the charge of garbling, and have added a few notes to it.

BANGOR.—The Boston Herald has again come out in another false article on this city. (1) We can inform him that real estate is not and has not been falling. (2) Lumbering will not be entered into so largely, owing to the extravagant prices at which provisions stand. (3) The Episcopal Church is to be sold because the proprietors undertook more than they could carry out. (4) There is but little money here, because western debtors do not pay what they owe. (5) The attacks of this wonderful teacher of political economy are amusing. Go it Master Harry—and pray inform the good people of Bangor when they are at the bottom. (6) As over three hundred buildings have been erected this season, (7) we cannot believe that as yet Bangor is on the last round of the ladder. If we can have but twenty-four hours rain, the Herald man might see or hear of Bangor in her natural condition. (8)

(1) A *few years* will better decide the truth or falsity of our articles.

(2) We had our information from a good man, and believe in the truth of the assertion that real estate is going down. Can the editor of the Advertiser say that *sales* of city lots are effected at last year's prices?

(3) A mere quibble—Who does not know that the lumbermen mainly suffer on that account.

(4) Exactly—and the Episcopal Society are not alone in such a predicament.

(5) And if '*western debtors*' *did* pay, there would be but little then.

(6) Evidently conscious of being in the clouds. You will not need be told of it when you find bottom. It will be a happy thing when you can touch again.

(7) How many are standing unfinished?

(8) Yes—true enough—mud up to one's knees, or up to the mouth of the editor of the BANGOR COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

The Rev. George S. Brown, a colored clergyman, who sailed on Saturday from New York as a Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church to Africa, lost a small pocket wallet the day before, containing ten half eagles, [illegible] whole of the outfit given him by the missionar[illegible] he was obliged to sail without it.

Sharps' Carpet Factory at Wrentham [illegible] fire on the 7th. Several buildings used [illegible] ture of Patent Wadding, &c., connected with [illegible] Co's Cotton Factory, at Rock Bottom Village, Medway, were destroyed by fire on Tuesday.

The tavern, stable, and dwelling house of John Rea, Jr. at Topsfield, was destroyed by fire Monday morning about 1 o'clock. Two horses were burnt to death. The house furniture was saved.

MILK.—In New York, where the milk is none of the best, they have a *lactometer*, for the purpose of telling its proof. It is judged that the milkmen recompense themselves for the badness of the season, by *drafts on the town pump*.

SHORT TERMS OF OFFICE. [illegible] in several of our [illegible] papers, [illegible] in many parts of the country in favor of short terms of office, [illegible] that the long [illegible] is incompatible with republican simplicity. [illegible] argument is made use of by the papers of one of the political parties in our state, to excite the people of one of the Congressional districts against a candidate for Representative to Congress, he having several times been elected a member of that body. The very editors [illegible] [illegible] —and adopt it merely as a political weapon, all things being, in everything's vocabulary, [illegible] in politics. There is no class [illegible] that government is easy—a mere science [illegible] the knowledge of which constitutes the knowledge of governing, is called a science. The farmer from his plough, the merchant from his books, the clergyman from his pulpit are each considered fully capable of understanding the wants of a people and of administering to them. On the broad ground in a republic, this is true, [illegible] constitute the spirit of republican institutions. But a glance at the form of our government will show that our fathers knew better than to trust the helm of state to raw and unexperienced guidance. The Senators of the United States continue in office six years. They have this period given to them, that so grave a body might not be harrassed by constant changes—that their deliberations might be conducted with the feeling of stability to do them justice—that the members thereof might have time to study the science of government, and not make the gross errors which new men are constantly liable to commit. This is further provided for by the laws regulating the choice of Senators—only a third of them coming in at the same period—so that the fresh members have an opportunity to obtain information from their brethren, who have participated in the cares of government longer than themselves.

The Representatives remain but two years in office.—This branch is an emanation directly from the people, and as their decisions are not permanent, it is proper that by their short terms of office the people should have immediate influence over them. But these short terms were not fixed from any prejudice against longer ones. They are only to secure to the people a remedy should their servants prove false to them and to liberty. They are a mine to explode the citadel should the garrison attempt a surrender. So long as a man serves his country faithfully as a Representative, the worst argument against him is the length of time he has so served her. And of course, this is the best argument for him. He has had practice in governing—and is therefore the more fit to govern.

We are sorry to see such untenable premises, which appeal to the passions and not the reason of men, made use of to influence their decisions. Change and wavering instability seem to be the curses of republics. The people, dissatisfied with what they have, desire more—jealous of their rights, because they have so great a proportion of power residing in themselves, they abuse those very rights through excess of fear. Let us be satisfied with our constitution and statesmen as we find it and them, conscious as we should be, that our own wisdom cannot frame a better.

GREAT MEN.—It is said that true genius and merit will always force their way, and eventually stand on that round of the ladder to which it justly belongs. But when does that *eventually* come. Some obscure great men console themselves by the reflection that posterity will do them justice—but before posterity comes on the stage, a *juster* tribunal than even posterity will have given them their due.—When men of talent choose to lend themselves to any particular party, to shut their eyes to truth and impartiality, and wear their hearts, where Napoleon says the heart of a politician should be, 'in the head'—when they voluntarily fling 'conscience and grace to the black devil,' and only aim to glitter and to shine in the eyes of mortals, then can they become what is termed by the world 'great men.'—Their names may be placed in the newspapers in large capitals, and dinners may be given them—the very public may unhumanize themselves and become horses for their sake, dragging them by the shafts of their carriages over the complaining pavements. But this, after all, is not to be truly great—and here comes in a consideration of the true end of man, the glory which Providence has designed for His faithful creatures. When a man is sufficiently independent and conscientious to resolve to do right, whether he sink or swim, live or die—when his whole aim is to be great in the eyes of his conscience and his Creator, although no loud plaudits may rend the sky in his behalf—although even the smiles of beauty may be conferred on a more worldly rival, yet does he enjoy more solid happiness though enduring the disgrace and contempt of his fellow creatures—knowing, as he does, that his honesty and independence alone keep him below high water mark—than does the prince on his crimson cushion. When will mankind learn in what true greatness consists—when will they learn that they have a world within themselves, whose approval is of more value than the world without? While man aims wholly at gaining the approbation of his fellows, he cannot rise to that exalted height to which Heaven has directed his eye. 'No stream can rise higher than its source'—and what ambitious man of the world will not confess that he is disgusted with the rank breaths and greasy caps which are put in requisition for his sake.

MELANCHOLY SHIPWRECK. Capt. Norwood of schooner Delta, at Philadelphia, from Gloucester, reports that on the 11th inst, at 3 P. M., about 2 1-2 miles above Cape May Light, he spoke brig Charlotte, of Newburyport, Lunt, from Philadelphia, for Boston. Next morning saw her sunk—captain and all hands lost. Also saw a schooner ashore near the Overfalls; could render no assistance, in consequence of the heavy gale. There were three men on the rigging; at noon she had disappeared—no doubt all hands perished.

THE MARINES.—The campaign against the Creeks having terminated, it seems this corps have not been ordered to return to their respective stations at the Navy Yards as was expected—but will be afforded farther opportunity to manifest their zeal, activity and valor. The New York Gazette states on the authority of a letter dated at Fort Mitchell, Alabama, the 3d inst. that the corps had received orders to proceed to Florida forthwith, and that they were to take up their line of march that afternoon, or the next morning. The writer expresses the opinion that the campaign will be long and active, provided the Seminoles do not surrender at once.—*Mer. Jour.*

HARD TIMES. The fall in stocks at New York on Saturday was very great, and clearly indicates a something wrong in our currency. The N. Y. Era speaking of Friday says, it was 'the most distressing day ever known in New York. *Some stock fell fifteen per cent.* The banks could not, or would not, (which is the same thing,) afford the necessary discounts, and the brokers shaved notes freely at *ten* per cent a month. There must be general smashing this fall.'

A FACT—AHEM! A fellow half drunk blundered into a blacksmith's shop, the other day, and asked the price of tickets, mistaking the shop for a lottery office. When told that he must go elsewhere for the article he wanted, he pointed blunderingly towards a row of six horse shoes hanging against the door, at one end of which was also a long spike. He had evidently mistaken the spike for a figure one, and the row of horse shoes for cyphers—thus 1000,000.

FROM PARA. Captain Welden, of the Brig Roarer arrived on Saturday morning at New York, from Para, and states that the interior of the Province was still in a very unsettled condition—and that the government were making great preparations to put down the insurgents, and put a stop to further disorders. Provisions were arriving daily from all parts of the country. Flour &c abundant. Exports high and scarce.

ASTOR HOUSE.—In our remarks i[illegible] the Astor House, we [illegible] ion. We only state [illegible] There is a prejudi[illegible] house, with whic[illegible] [illegible]iter, who hang the bells [illegible] [illegible]ugler, and Boyden—say noth[illegible] [illegible]ater at the thought of him.

The N. Y. [illegible] [illegible]ades a notice of Lauriat's late balloon asc[illegible] [illegible]ty thus: 'It was a beautiful sight—the sun[illegible] [illegible]usly, and his beams quivered like a sh[illegible] [illegible] the sparkling water while the 'aerial [illegible] the blue expanse followed by the wo[illegible] [illegible]ctators.' Really they have exquisite [illegible]

TROL[illegible] [illegible]h paper states that two mowers, an En[illegible] [illegible]man, at work in a field, fell into a disp[illegible] [illegible] told the latter he was a *botch* at his [illegible] to prove his dexterity the latter instant[illegible] [illegible]d in the most deliberate manner cut [illegible] [illegible]early off—at least he bled to death be[illegible] [illegible] be obtained.

The ste[illegible] [illegible]her way from New Orleans, blew [illegible] [illegible] immediately killed, and 14 or [illegible] [illegible] whom will not recover. P[illegible] [illegible]mped overboard, all of whom [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible]bany Gazette states that [illegible] [illegible]monly called 'Jim Crow,' [illegible] [illegible]or a seat in the car of the [illegible] Duke of Brunswick!——!!

[illegible] [illegible]e Bangor Mechanic and Farmer boasts [illegible] given us credit for two articles. A mighty feat [illegible] [illegible]y for him to perform, without doubt.

Human laws are made for the benefit of the community at large. The moral law written on the heart operates for the safety of the individual himself.

The celebrated chemist, Dr William Henry—universally known by his preparation of calcined magnesia—has committed suicide in a paroxysm of insanity. He resided at Manchester.

Gov Everett has appointed Thursday, the first day of December next, to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving.

A thief entered a house in Washington street—Sunday afternoon—by a back door and stole a piece of cloth.

A [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ed in Rumney [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Tell the [illegible] people of the [illegible] [illegible] them than the [illegible] of thy [illegible] [illegible] they shall glisten on the cheek of him for whom thou wouldst willingly perish, and whom thou judgest by thy own frail and devoted nature.

CHOLERA.—This tremendous scourge appears to have left Charleston for the present. It would seem that when wars cease—when the devastating sword is left to rest in its scabbard, Providence provides some other means to lop off the excrescences of society. Napoleon has seemed to extirpate nations, and the mighty convulsions of European armies has been succeeded by those of the cholera. Were human intellect admitted to a peep behind the curtain, we might see much that would 'justify the ways of God to man,' and account for what is terrible and destructive in Nature.

MURDER.—Two farmers from the neighborhood of Wooster, Ohio, travelling to [illegible], Crawford County, were overtaken by [illegible] and Joseph Jenkins, with whom they rode in company [illegible], to the stage. They then all four got out and proceeded on foot, when the two others supposing they had money with them, knocked down one of the farmers, and beat the other to death with clubs. But while attempting to rifle their pockets, some one approached and they fled. The murderers have been pursued as far as Wheeling, and will scarcely escape, as they are hotly pursued.

PRACTICAL INFORMATION. Reynolds, the Irish Informer is dead, and should have been dead long ago. Tattlers and talebearers of every description are the most despicable wretches with which the world is cursed. Show us a man that cannot or will not keep a secret, and you show us a villain unworthy the friendship of a dog. There is more mischief done in the world by these blowing, wide-mouthed retailers of other men's concerns, than by all the robbers and pickpockets in the Universe. Spies and informers are worthy of no commiseration however miserable and degraded they may become.

POETS.—If any body wishes to see a gentlemanly piece of honest criticism—one poet's opinion of another—let him read what Pray says of Bryant in the Boston Pearl newspaper of to-day. The whole tenor of the article shows it to have been unpremeditated, and that Mr Pray can easily get into a poet's soul, and detect its remotest coil of thought. Pray has done for Bryant what very few, if any, would have dared [illegible] in the present state of Bryant's popularity. We [illegible] independent criticism, where we know there is honesty and a degree of reverence. Of such is the article in the Pearl. Look at it.

STAMMERING. The New York Sunday Morning News has a considerable article upon the subject of stammering and states that Dr Yates of that city has been very successful in effecting cures. The Doctor affects no mystery, but freely explains his system to any person without pledge or oath of secrecy. Dr Yates is a gentleman of high respectability and not likely to endanger his reputation by inflicting quackery on the community.

SHADE TREES. The Springfield Gazette says that an association of young men was formed in that village, some years ago, who agreed to plant one shade tree every year. We know not who those young men were, but we do know that they possessed a good taste, and that their example could be followed with advantage by every citizen who possesses the means to carry the object of such associations into execution. Nothing is so ornamental to a city as trees, and nothing more contributes to the comfort of the body and agreeableness of the mind than foliage relieving the hard and dirty prospects of our streets.

BEST OF ADVICE. Baillie Nicol Jarvie says, 'never put out your hand farther than ye can safely draw it back again.' We have no doubt our Bangor friends would give all their old shoes that they had acted upon this advice.—However, they are a go-ahead set, and have men among them with the will, and the means too, to make all right in the end—*if possible.*

NO SAR, MY NOSE NOT A HUNGRY, was the reply of the Frenchman when a rosbif offered him a pinch of snuff. But we perceive by a cotemporary that it is sometimes beneficial to feed the nose with substantial food. To stop a bleeding from the nose, snuff up two or three pinches of grated smoked beef, or salted dried beef. It is worth trying by those who are afflicted with hemorrages of this description.

THE COLORED CASE. Asa D. Gove, charged with kidnapping EMMA, for the purpose of conveying her to New Orleans, was discharged Monday—the evidence of duress not appearing sufficient to the Court to warrant a conviction of an offence which our laws make so highly penal to the offender.

ACCIDENT. Mr David W. Hand of Litchfield, was found dead in a stable in that town, last Thursday. It appeared upon examining the location that he had been lying upon the hay mow, and by some means, he fell through the hole made for dropping hay into the manger. His neck appeared to have been broken, which must have caused almost instant death.

CONCORD RAIL ROAD. The Concord Patriot states that the engineers are now engaged on the surveys of this road, and that it will probably be built in a direct course from Lowell to Concord, without reference to the Nashua Rail Road. The Nashua Road is already in progress by an independent company.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—Letters received from the South represent the condition of our troops in any thing but an enviable light. It is quite an easy thing for us to talk here of what ought to be, and *ought not to be done*; but we are now persuaded that all has been done that valor or fortitude could achieve under the disadvantageous circumstances in which our gallant soldiers have been placed. The officers and men, whose pride of character is concerned, would certainly long since have struck an effective blow, had not sickness and disappointments prevented. So much have the troops suffered from disease at Suwanee, that out of 800 effective regulars, not more than fifty are fit for duty at this time. How then can we expect them to strike the final blow? The brave and chivalrous sons of Tennessee, who so nobly responded to the call of their brethren in Florida, have also been great sufferers. They have now gone to Pensacola. On their march to Suwanee 150 were taken sick. We have no doubt, that as soon as the season arrives, when an active and vigorous campaign can be commenced, the whole band of hostile savages infesting that country will be captured or destroyed.

A HINT TO THE LADIES. As the season is approaching when intellectual entertainment in the shape of Lectures on literary or scientific subjects, will be furnished our citizens, the following paragraph containing a gentle hint to the ladies, will not be altogether misplaced—although by some it may be deemed impertinent:

'Ladies who visit public places, should never do so in bonnets that resemble hogsheads crowned with feathers.—If display is the object, 'tis in bad taste, for the sweet creatures would look far more attractive,

'With braided hair and bright black eyes,'

as Lord Byron describes Leila, one of the loveliest creations of [illegible]vid fancy—his glorious imagination. Besides it is bad taste, it is decidedly at variance with the rules of courtesy, with the refinements of civilized life, and an odious monopoly of the privileges of others, who have as good a right to see and hear as those who sit in front of them, and who might just as well place a corpse at their backs as a huge hat and feathers on their head.'

The fair of the American Institute commenced at New York on Monday, and will continue the whole of this week. On Thursday evening an address will be delivered before the members by Caleb Cushing of Newburyport.

PHRENOLOGY KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS, is the title of a work just published in New York. We suppose the author would judge of the back of the head by the infant population.

JUMPING. A fellow named Brown, jumped from a three story window in New York to escape an arrest for a robbery that he had committed. It is feared that he has crippled himself for life.

A ship carpenter named John Barker has been taken up in Montreal on suspicion of having murdered his wife under very atrocious circumstances.

A pistol ball was fired through the heart of a Mr Brux, in New Orleans, August 29th, by one Giquel. Brux had called on Giquel, for the purpose of arranging a difference.—The murderer has been admitted to bail—$6000.

The alarm of fire at 10 o'clock, Tuesday, was occasioned by the roof of an old house in Robinson's Alley taking fire. Damage trifling.

RIGHT. The New York Era is out against the duties on coal. Let the papers continue to speak out on the subject and the people will soon act in the matter.

A large fire in Albany on Wednesday evening destroyed upwards of twenty buildings on Washington street.

Snow fell to the depth of two or three inches in Albany on Tuesday night.

By an order of the Prussian cabinet Jews are forbid to take any name not derived from the old testament.

It is estimated that it would take six weeks to travel round the world on a continuous Rail Road.

The tragedies of Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus and Othello have been translated into Italian.

The Baltimore Transcript has given it to the Holiday street Theatre right and left for about half a column.

THE WATER—PURE WATER!—Is the matter over? [illegible] Does POND water [illegible] [illegible] to the [illegible] —or does every thing go on in the old way, and thousands continue to inspire in their systems the seeds of disease and death from the pernicious they are made to consume a SLOW POISON under the name of water? Why is there silence? Are the City Government doing any thing—they have the authority from the people—yes, the *command* of the people—for the will of the people expressed in assembled meeting is a command —to go forward *now* at the expense of the city and supply its citizens with pure water. Why is nothing said—nothing done?

Perhaps the matter is referred to the next board—perhaps postponed until it can be taken up at a more convenient season. Convenient! our physicians have declared that daily *injury* to health is experienced by partaking of the impure water with which our citizens are provided. Is this a matter, with this fact staring us in the face, to put off to a more *convenient season*? It may be said that what the citizens have borne for so long without murmuring, they can still endure, at least until remedial measures may be taken with due deliberation. What deliberation is necessary? The matter has been decided to be of the most importance—it has been declared to be of the greatest practicability—it has been declared to be easy to be effected, without any excessive expenditure—plans have been drawn —routes surveyed—the people awakened to its necessity—and they have decided without even the pause of discussion that it shall be done—and still nothing is done—What is the use of deliberation?

The citizens are anxious for PURE WATER! They desire no postponement—no delay—and if there be such postponement and such delay, they desire to know the cause—They at least feel it right that they should be informed if any thing is sooner or later to be done, for they can see no movements to that effect.

QUACKERY. We hate it in all its forms—and we are surprised that there are so many who can be imposed upon by it. There is quackery now in all things—in every profession, every description of pursuit—and so assiduously do the inventors and practicers of ingenious plans to deceive the public ply their trade, a trade in which their capital is brass and cunning, that it is not always possible to distinguish the right from the wrong—the dross from the refined gold.

But there is nothing in which quackery is more boldly thrust upon the public than by a few itinerant Englishmen, who thrust into the newspapers and post up at the corners of the streets, their names, in large capitals as patronised by Kings and Emperors, and then thrust their pills or their WRITING SYSTEMS down the throats of the public.

A gentleman called in our office a day or two ago to give some information of a man by the name of BRISTOW who puts up his own phiz as a sign to attract patronage—and posts bills in which grammar, credulity, good sense, and his own character for common mental powers are set at defiance—and yet he obtains puffs and *some* scholars. The gentleman (whose name is in our possession) was deceived by these tremendous exhalations of Bristow's brain, and attended upon him without receiving any material assistance. He did not perceive that others were benefitted more than he, and came to the conclusion that he with others had been made tools of to enrich a charlatan. He immediately entered his name as a pupil of Messrs Richardson and Stratton to obtain knowledge of the art on a sure foundation.

We care not what puffs Bristow may get. His advertisements are enough to convince us that he has no solid claims to notice. No one who understood thoroughly the art of writing would indulge in the absurdities and ludicrous pomposity which distinguishes his self-commendations We care not how many of the deserving are successful—be they foreigners or natives—but we cannot bear that our city should be made the recipient of the defrauding plans of the ignorant and cunning.

AMERICAN SHIPS AND AMERICAN SEAMEN.—Marryatt, in one of his novels, was pleased to pay a tribute of praise to the ships of America as being pre-eminent for beauty and good management. The masts of the vessels of the United States are tall, their spars small and tapering, and all the rigging possessing a simplicity and excellence highly complimentary to our shipwrights, and to those who foster the interests of commerce.

In the last war, it was a matter of wonder that the frigates of the United States could so often succeed in the face of a stronger force and heavier metal. The result must have been owing to the bravery and good order of the sailors who manned them—and now we find the following gratifying tribute to this class of American citizens, from a statesman of Great Britain on the floor of the House of Commons.

'That the happiest effects have resulted from the experiments tried in the American navy and merchant service to do without spirituous liquors as an habitual article of daily use; there being at present more than 1,000 sail of American vessels traversing all the seas of the world, in every climate, without the use of spirits by their officers and crews, and being, in consequence of this change, in so much greater state of efficiency and safer than other vessels not adopting this regulation, that the public insurance companies in America make a return of five per cent. on the premium of insurance on vessels completing their voyages without the use of spirits, while the examples of British ships sailing from Liverpool on the same plan, have been productive of the greatest benefit to the ship owners, underwriters, merchants, officers and crews.

'That the ships of the United States of America, frequenting the ports of England, are stated by several witnesses to be superior to those of a similar class among the ships of Great Britain, the commanders and officers being generally considered to be more competent as seamen and navigators, and more uniformly persons of education than the commanders and officers of British ships of a similar size and class, trading from England to America; while the seamen of the United States are considered to be more carefully selected, and to be more efficient; that American ships sailing from Liverpool to New York have a preference over English vessels sailing to the same port, both as to freight and rate of insurance; and higher wages being given, their whole equipment is maintained in a higher state of perfection, so that fewer losses occur; and as the American shipping has increased of late years in the proportion of 12 3-4 per cent. per annum, while the British shipping has increased within the same period only 1 1-2 per cent per annum, the constantly increasing demand for seamen by the increasing maritime service of the whole world, the numbers cut off by shipwreck, and the temptations offered by the superior wages of American vessels, cause a large number of British seamen every year to leave the service of their own country, and to embark in that of the United States, and these comprising chiefly the most skilful and competent of our mariners, produce the double effect of improving the efficiency of American crews, and in the same ratio diminishing the efficiency of the British merchant service.'

ACCIDENT. A private carriage, with six passengers—four gentlemen and two ladies—while proceeding from Roxbury to this city Monday morning, was upset near the Washington hotel, through the carelessness of the driver.—The horses being frightened, ran furiously up the street, dragging the carriage after them; four of the passengers succeeded in getting from the carriage, but the other two a lady and gentleman, were dragged some distance before the horses were finally checked, and they were rescued from their perilous situation, without having received any great injury. The driver, (Mr Holloway) was thrown from his seat upon the pavements, with such force as to fracture his skull.—*Mer Jour.*

PRINTER'S ERROR. A rather green village editor up country was very desirous of gaining the good graces of the new minister; and in describing his first entrance into the church, wrote, 'He is a most venerable sample of antiquity.' But to his astonishment and the amazement of all the inhabitants, it came out on the next morning in types—He is a most venerable sample of iniquity.

A NOBLE ACT. The steamboat Lexington, on her passage from Providence to New York, on Tuesday evening, encountered a very severe gale, and broke her wheel ropes, when she became unmanageable. Mr Dustan, the chief officer, for the preservation of the vessel and passengers, was let down with a rope attached to him, during the height of the gale, and succeeded in fastening the ropes. The passengers who noticed the act, at a meeting on Wednesday morning, voted him a watch and pin, valued at two hundred dollars, as a token of their gratitude for his exertions for their safety.—*N. Y. Com Adv.*

DUTY ON NEWSPAPERS REDUCED.—Among the latest London papers received, is 'The Constitutional,' of September 15th, being the first number issued by an association entitled 'The Metropolitan Newspaper Company,' who have a capital of sixty thousand pounds sterling, which is divided into 6000 shares of ten pounds each. The above Journal is issued under the new act of Parliament which reduces the stamp duty from four pence to one penny on each paper. This reduction of the duty has changed the price of the London daily papers from seven pence to four pence halfpenny. In the address of 'The Constitutional,' the editors say that they cannot offer a clearer exposition of their political creed than is contained in their desire for the removal of every impediment to the political education of the people. Their first object is to advocate the rights and advance the interests of the millions who, by a stamp duty of even the smallest amount, are so effectually excluded from the privileges which the press opens to others, as, by the ten pound franchise, they are excluded from direct representation in Parliament; and that to qualify them for the exercise of the right of voting, it is necessary to confer upon them the right of reading.

A young man fell from a tree at Great Falls, who was to have been married the next morning at 8 o'clock. He never spake again after striking the ground, and expired in about an hour.

The sufferers from the late Bowery Theatre fire are at issue with respect to the funds realized for their benefit at the Park and Franklin Theatres.

The new steamboat Cleopatra, built by Capt Vanderbelt and said to be the fastest boat built by him, is to leave New York for Providence to-day.

BOSTON ORATORS. Remarkable.—*Fatal effects of Miss Clifton's Acting. (Extracting a letter from Boston.)* Miss Clifton has quite taken up the Boston editors. They went a la Rogue with their hair curled—her personations of Bianca turned their heads, more than had Dudley their hearts. Homer, so soon as he got over his N. C. M. A. sickness, was heard delivering a feeling peroration to the charming actress, over a fat turkey at Durand's. Walter discussed her merits—à la Curiosa, at Fenno's with the Major. Harrington wrote an address to his goddess, and enclosed her a ring, with his gumming inquiry had locked with 'heart and hand.' Weld ordered a volume of 'Corrected Proofs,' bound with gilt edges, as an annual present to the fair actress—and at last advices it was stated that Greene whose *Post* is with a pistol shot, gravely advised Pray to return instantly to *Mount Holyoke* to enjoy again the balmy breezes of the ocean wave. More—if they recover from the shocking calamity. P. J.

So says the Saturday Evening Courier, published at Philadelphia. '*Guilty or not guilty!*' gentlemen of the press! Shall we catch this 'P. J.' and tar and feather and Lynch him summarily, or shall we yield to the soft impeachment, and acknowledge ourselves to be false to all vows *save this alone*? Let us discuss the question seriously.

Our friend Homer, we found on Monday evening seated in a corner of the stage box at the National, in good condition, and well in raptures with the singing of Miss Gradden—so that, as it was Miss Clifton's benefit night, he is not badly in for it, and will not be compelled to diet on account of his new passion. Walter, we fear, is in a bad way. He had serious thoughts of accepting our proposition to go to Turkey; but now—alack! A divinity is found at home. When Miss C. stumbled over her train on Monday week and fell, Walter was observed to be very pale and to wipe his eyes. But it is said by some, that this was only a feint—and that he had an onion in his handkerchief.

Harrington, we are inclined to be a little sceptical about. He certainly has a delicate way of doing things, but we doubt about the ring, &c—for they say he is treading in the steps of his elder brother of the Transcript in the *solitary* track, and moreover has not indulged in any episodes or sonnets, or gallant speeches on the lady's account. Weld has a miniature edition of Corrected Proofs in his parlor at home, the very exact copy of the great edition, which he has to attend to in preference to any lackadaisical sighs—besides he has come to the conclusion that as he is three feet nothing, one of King John's men, and Miss Clifton is of majestic *tallth*, being about six feet high on an average, that he is not half equal to her—so has given it up as a bad job. Nothing was seen of Greene on the night of the benefit, except now and then a whisker was espied peeping through an obscure crack, and a sigh was heard at intervals, like the howlings of the wind. Pray has not said much, but we have our suspicions—we have our suspicions.

The New Era relates that during the fire in Ann street, a worthy fireman rescued a child three years of age from the flames, at the imminent peril of his own life. He conveyed the little innocent to a house in Beekman street—we wish he had given the name and number—which house was inhabited by several LADIES, (!) who refused to shelter the child while the fireman went back to his engine. On applying at another house, a few doors off, the trembling sufferer was cordially welcomed by the lady of the house.—May Heaven bless her, and prosperity attend her through life. May no tears but those of joy ever glisten on her cheek; and if she have children, may they strew roses on her path, and gild her declining years with the smile of dutiful affection.

'CORRECTED PROOFS.'—We are sorry to state that Mr H. Hastings Weld's loss from the efforts of the vile incendiary who fired the Pearl office are greater than have been supposed. The whole of the sheets of the second edition of Corrected Proofs which were shortly to be issued by Colman with numerous additions, under the title of 'Love and Law, and other stories,' were so much injured as to be useless. This is not only a heavy loss to the individual, who from the rapid sale of the first edition had a prospect of reaping a good harvest from this second publication, but also to the public, who will lose so valuable a work. Mr Weld is now acknowledged to be one of our most talented young men; and his industry and perseverance entitle him to great sympathy for his misfortune. We sincerely hope that he will not suffer his ardor to be dampened by this sad accident, but will put his shoulder to the wheel and give to the public the work of which the malevolence of a wretch has deprived it.

Almost simultaneously the New York, Providence, and Boston papers came out about a week since with an heroic article giving an account of 'the bow' on one of her passages the wheel rope of the steamboat Lexington gave way, and 'Mr ISAAC K. DUSTAN, the mate, was suspended over the stern thirty or forty minutes, some of the time under the water, where at the imminent risk of his life and by great exertion, etc. etc. etc., he succeeded in putting things to rights, and for which service 'the passengers presented him with a purse of $125, which he declined to accept. They, however, pressed upon him, *after their arrival at New York*, an elegant diamond breast pin, and *silver lever watch*, with an appropriate inscription, and a hat. These were accepted as a *keepsake*.' What a terrible time on paper, and what a '*heroic daring*' man Mr Dunstan was to do his duty—a duty which any Cape Cod fisherman would call any thing but a '*thrilling incident*.' We will wager that every man who contributed towards making up the purse was sea-sick before he was half an hours' sail from Newport, and that Mr. Dunstan, though he modestly declined the purse, and only accepted the other articles as a *keepsake*, laughs in his sleeves at the fresh water sailors, and the '*thrilling incident*.'

NO MISTAKE IN UNION STREET.—We would remind our readers that Mr Smith has not yet *transported* the lot of renowned villains who have so long *transported* the visitors at Union Hall. No lover of art should neglect paying a visit to these unrivalled representatives of humanity and inhumanity. Persons from abroad could not lay out 25 cents better than by visiting the establishment. The proprietor is attentive to his patrons, and desirous of giving them every explanation.

An amorous young swain was asked how he liked a pretty young lady to whom he had been paying his respects. He answered—'Egad! she looked so sweet and so eatable, that I caught myself saying grace over her, when I should have inquired after my sister's family.'

Patrick Rooney, a native of Ireland, was burned to death at the fire in New York on Sunday evening last. The family with which the unfortunate man boarded were in the upper stories of the building, and it was some time before they perceived that the house was in flames. They barely escaped with their lives—calling loudly upon Rooney to follow them. But they could not wake him, and his shroud was a winding sheet of flame.

PRICE OF AFFECTION.—$2000 were paid by Robert Bullock, of New Scotland, N. Y., for rejecting an alliance with Sarah Eliza Wayne, whose tender heart it appears he had broken. *N'importe* the jury have mended it.

PLAGUE IN ASIA MINOR.—Smyrna papers received at this office, state that while the Plague was stationary in that city, and had much abated at Metolin, it was raging dreadfully at Adramitty and along the coast of Troy. At Vira, 12 hours from Gallipoli, almost the whole population, comprising 3000 or 4000 souls, had been swept down by the disease. Only the Governor and about 20 individuals escaped the contagion, and took refuge in Gallipoli.—*Jour. Com.*

SCHOONER EVENING EDITION.—Captain Rees, of the brig Armadillo, at this port, from Mogadore, states that the schooner Evening Edition, formerly owned by this establishment, has been presented by the Portuguese government to the Emperor of Morocco. If the history of this craft could all be told, it would be sufficiently adventurous. Although but 80 tons burthen, she has visited South America, Asia, and Africa—has been engaged in collecting ship news and slaves—has been run as an Express 4000 miles in a single voyage, and been run away with by insurgents, their hands yet reeking with human blood—has successively borne the flags of three different nations, Protestant, Catholic, and Mahommedan, in three different quarters of the world,—has been owned by an Editor, a King, and an Emperor,—and yet is young enough to go through as many more adventures as she has hitherto experienced.—*Ibid.*

EXCELLENT GOOD, the editor of the Transcript calls the following, and so do we. A country paper under the head of 'Gross Carelessness,' has an article commencing thus—'As two young ladies, one quite elderly and the other middle aged, were passing,' &c.

CALIBAN. We learn from the New Era that the Editor of the New York Herald is a Caliban. They say he was raised somewhere among the Hottentots. It is said an indignant Scotch husband lately taught him the difference between the *pretty fair* and *ugly fare*.

A quack advertising '*Red Drops*,' the New York Era publishes as corroborative of their beneficial effects a certificate from Doctor *John A. Ross* of Boston Can any body tell us of the whereabout of *Doctor Ross*?

SUICIDE. Mr John R. Dunham, a lawyer of Natchitoches, Louisiana, shot himself through the head with a pistol. He was much esteemed by those who knew him.

At a late fire in New York, two spirited members of Engine 15 were dreadfully burnt and otherwise injured. It is feared that one of them, Mr Dean, will not survive.

☞ A new political paper has been established in New Jersey, called *The Thorn*. It will probably be a temperance paper also, as 'Men do not gather grapes of *thorns*.'

The Independent Cadets, under Col Fessenden, celebrated their fiftieth anniversary on Wednesday. They dined at the Tremont.

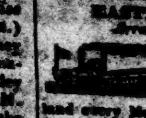
The New Yorkers are growling about 'pure water,' and so are Bostonians, and that is all.

Booth intends sailing for England on the 20th inst. 'For England then.'

A fine schooner intended for the Exploring Expedition, was launched on Saturday at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

☞ Turkeys are selling at Mobile at $5 a head!

EASTERN LINE OF STEAMERS.
Arrangement for the remainder of the Season.



The Steamer PORTLAND, J. Howes, leave Boston, (from Eastern Steamboat Wharf,) for Portland, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves Portland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Boston, at 5 o'clock P. M.

The Portland connects with the steamer Bangor, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

The BANGOR, S. H. Howes, leaves Portland for Bangor every Sunday and Wednesday morning, at 6 o'clock. Returning, leaves Bangor for Portland every Monday and Friday at 6 o'clock, A. M.

The McDONOUGH, Capt Brown, leaves Portland every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, for Bath, Gardiner and Hallowell.

The ROYAL TAR, Capt Reed, leaves Portland for Eastport and St John every Friday evening.

Freight received on board the Portland until 4 o'clock on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

o8 gtf I. W. GOODRICH, Agent.

F. A. HAWLEY,

HAVING completed his assortment of Fall and Winter Goods offers for sale—

200 dozen Plaited Stocks, of various styles;
500 " Linen Collars and Bosoms;
200 " Buck Mitts and Gloves;
100 " Fur Lined Gloves, different kinds;
100 " Stock Frames;
150 " India Rubber and other Braces;

Also, a large quantity of the various kinds of Flannels, Woolen Gloves, Umbrellas, Cravat Pads, Pantaloon Straps, Suspenders and Bombazines, at HAWLEY'S Stock Factory and Furnishing Store, No 6 Elm street, Boston.

s10 [illegible]

NEW BOOKS

FOR sale by *MARSH, CAPEN & LYON*, 133 Washington street.

Lives of the Reformers. Biographical notices of twenty-four principal reformers of the 16th century; with a narrative of the reformation of religion. With 24 Portraits.

The Swiss Heiress: or The Bride of Destiny. A tale in two volumes.

Memorials of Mrs Hemans—with illustrations of her literary character, from her private correspondence. By Henry F. Chorley.

Home: or the Iron Rule—a Domestic story. By Sarah Stickney, Author of 'Poetry of Life,' &c.

Winslow's System of Book-keeping by Double Entry, for retail business.

CAPT. MARRYAT'S NEW NOVEL.

MR. MIDSHIPMAN EASY. By the Author of 'Peter Simple.' In two volumes—this day rec'd by

MARSH, CAPEN & LYON,
o8 133 Washington st.

AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

THE undersigned would respectfully give notice to the former patrons of the 'American Magazine of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge,' and to the public generally, that the copywright and all the stereotype plates of the above work have been purchased by Messrs BODWELL & BACON, and that it will be published monthly as heretofore, at Nos 18 & 20 Cornhill, Boston, at which place subscriptions are invited for the third volume, the first number of which will be issued early in October. A constant supply of the first and second volumes handsomely bound in *cloth*, will be kept for sale at the above office. For the information of those who are unacquainted with the character of the work, it is proper to remark, that the leading objects in the publication, are to disseminate useful knowledge, and to afford rational amusements to all classes in the community; and that its columns will not be suffered to become identified with the interests of any party or sect.

TERMS.

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